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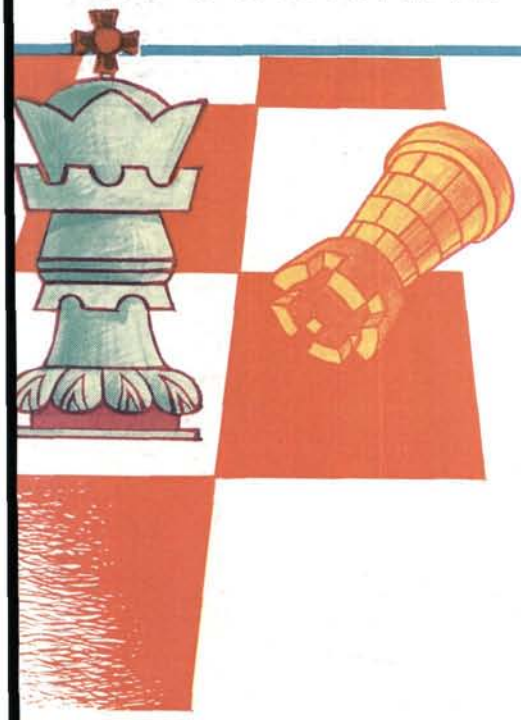
A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION



The De Gaulle Gambit

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The Lincoln Mythology

GARRY WILLS

Pakistan's View of the China War

FREDA UTLEY

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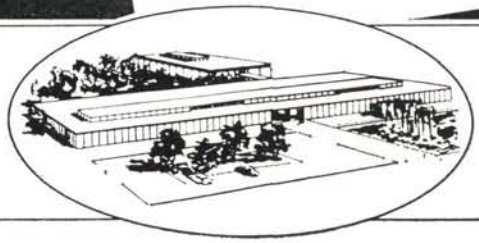

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ the Archduke **Otto von Habsburg** writes an eloquent defense of Charles de Gaulle, whom we have sharply criticized in the past, particularly for his refusal to stand firm in Algeria. Otto is the pretender to the throne of Austria and Hungary, a distinguished scholar, journalist and lecturer, and in respect of de Gaulle, a historical revisionist—of the traditionalist European school. **James Burnham** analyzes Otto's views, and suggests a constructive attitude, now that Algeria is gone and there is nothing to be done about it, for American conservatives concerning de Gaulle.

➔ The redoubtable **Freda Utley,** author of *Lost Illusion,* the *China Story,* etc., comes to the defense of Pakistan, which is being much criticized today for its reluctant support of its imbecile neighbor, Pandit Nehru. The Pakistanis, says Miss Utley with her customary decisiveness, have a point. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** writes from Mozambique, if you can bear it, full of instructions for a) the President of the United States, b) the United Nations, and c) the angels and the saints. . . . **Victor Gold** writes an ode to the death of the Rule of Tantamountcy ("the nomination of a Democrat in the South is tantamount to his election"). The rule was challenged by John Tower a year and a half ago, and interred last month by Jim Martin of Alabama, who almost beat Lister Hill. Mr. Gold, a lawyer as well as satirist, is working in Washington with the public relations firm of Selvage and Lee. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes about the necessity of knowing Burke, and of the dreadful things that happen to people and nations who do not.

➔ **Garry Wills** writes a stunning review of Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore.* When the Omnicompetent Wilson collided with the Indestructible Lincoln, says Wills, there was only one thing for the critics to do: avert their eyes. Wills declines to do so, and describes the terrible tussle going on, whose stake is nothing less than the survival of Lincoln as the mythkeepers have handed him down to us. Mr. Wills is teaching classics at Johns Hopkins and chugging away at two or three new books. . . . Professor **Guy Davenport** of Haverford writes his invaluable yearly rundown of the big Christmas selection of non-books, some of which, to judge from his account, are better than most books, notably Eliot Porter's "masterpiece," *In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World* ($20). Mr. Davenport's account of the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the founding of *Poetry* magazine will run in either the next issue, or the succeeding one, depending on how much advertising space we can sell. . . . **Anthony Harrigan** of the *Charleston News and Courier* stands up for the Marine Corps, and the prodigious chronicle of its glories recently published by the U.S. Naval Institute. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** decides the best way to understand the music of Stravinsky is to hear it played under the direction of the maestro himself.➔

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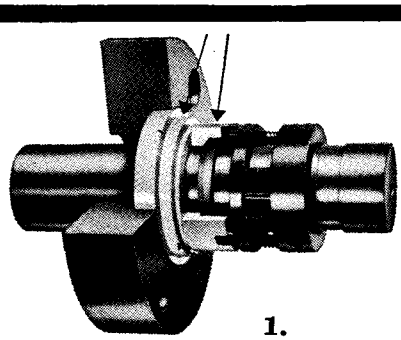

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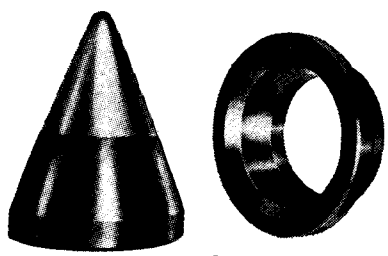

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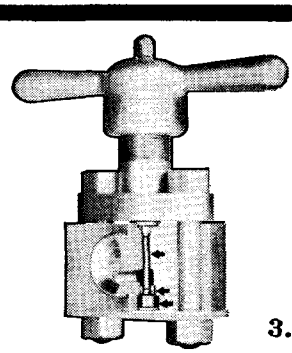

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The WEEK

● Massachusetts will have its tea parties. Last week Dean John Monro and health director Dr. Dana Farnsworth issued a statement warning Harvard students to lay off "LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), psilocybin, mescaline, and other mind-distorting drugs." The *Harvard Crimson* charged that a ring had been pushing LSD among the students. The drugs belong to the so-called hallucinogens and induce unpredictable effects, such as euphoria, hallucinations, delusions and depersonalization; and experiences involving Extra Sensory Perception have even been recorded. It is not as yet known whether hallucinogens can induce a New Frontier.

● Premier Nikita Khrushchev has decided to move in on abstract art. Could he be appealing to the conservative vote?

● Michel Struelens of the Katanga Information Service was given 32 hours to announce that he would leave this country voluntarily. Otherwise, the Department of Justice will commence deportation proceedings against him. The decision of the Attorney General's department to refuse his application for permanent residence in this country is not appealable. This seems to coincide with the Thant deal (see below).

● The President has now signed, or at least half signed, the executive order he kept promising to sign during the 1960 campaign "eliminating" discrimination in publicly financed housing. The integrationist lobby is disappointed because the President did not make his order retroactive; thus it applies only to certain types of housing begun after the order was executed. Conservatives are disappointed because the President's ruling bears out their gloomy contention that it is metaphysically impossible for the government to get its hands into anything without trying to control it—and never mind whether the federal power is used in a direction we happen to think is benevolent; it matters primarily that it diminishes the sovereignty of the individual over his own affairs. They say: Public schools don't necessarily mean public control—only you can't pray in them. Public housing doesn't necessarily mean public control—only you can't decide whom to live next to in one. Federal social security doesn't mean control—only if you are an Amish and decline to participate in the program, the feds will take your horses and sell them at public auction. Why was the President so reluctant to sign the order (he tarried eighteen months, and succumbed only after intolerable pressure had been put on him)? Because he knew what would be its practical consequences: not a substantial increase in integration, but a program of recessive circumvention and artifice, and, probably, a minor depression in the housing industry.

● The news is out that a group in California has launched a third party, the Conservative Party. We do not have information about the exact nature or sponsorship of this party, but one wonders why on earth California conservatives chose this moment to launch a conservative party, when the leadership of the Republican Party is up for grabs, and the conservative Joe Shell prominent among those who might take over its direction? The success of the Conservative Party in New York ought not to suggest its emulation elsewhere; because the circumstances are crucially different. The role of the Conservative Party in New York is to act as a counterweight to the Liberal Party, but there is no such thing in California, and the Republican Party is ripe for colonizing. Conservatives must keep their eyes on the main chance, and to surrender the use of the established machinery of the Republican Party is to take a vow of poverty just before setting out to make one's fortune.

● It's been almost a year since a Presidential committee, having studied the gluey rules of railway labor, suggested that coal shovelers are no longer needed on oil-burning locomotives. To court the unions went, and in court they have been knocked down: on November 28 the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit (Chicago) reaffirmed the right of the railroads to dismiss men for whom they have no jobs. The five "operating" brotherhoods, representing some 200,000 men, of whom 16,000 are superfluous "firemen," are undecided as yet whether to highball the case to the Supreme Court, or derail the industry by calling a strike. In any case, it's heartening to see a wedge of sanity being driven into the monolithic wall of reactionary laborism, and if the Supreme Court should uphold the Court of Appeals some day, President Kennedy won't have to lift a finger to get this country moving. All it needs is for labor and government to release the brakes.

● Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, etc., is the movement to boycott Red merchandise, good citizens all over the country trouble to inform us. The proposition that purchasing the produce of slave labor can only strengthen the slavemaster, is being cordially received by local

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patriotic groups, newspapers and merchants: and Communist merchandise is beginning to disappear from the shelves. A store in Fort Wayne, Indiana dramatized its cooperation by staging a ring-a-ding bonfire fueled by wicker baskets from Yugoslavia. The State Department has received so many protests about trading with the Communist bloc that it had to prepare a mimeographed form patiently explaining the inexplicable—how it is in your best interests to purchase Communist goods. However, for every rolling stone there is an uncovered grub, such as the calm and rational group in Fort Wayne that took out an ad reading in part: "We . . . strongly oppose the burning of Iron Curtain merchandise . . . [because we] feel that the irrational and emotional behavior attendant upon such a public display can . . . lead to the burning of books in our stores and libraries."

● Senator Allen Ellender of Louisiana, having toured 23 African semi-nations, stopped in Southern Rhodesia on December 1 and announced that the U.S. was just $302 billion broke enough to wonder about giving away money to African nations that have neither competent government nor the potential for it without the white man's assistance. Two days later the sovereign government of Uganda declared Senator Ellender a "prohibited immigrant" and forced him to cancel the Ugandoid portion of his tour. If Uganda thinks the legislator of a government that has gone $302 billion into debt has little cause to sermonize upon administrative competence, Uganda may have a point; but if Uganda's pique derives from the principle that no man can visit a nation he has insulted, Uganda had better start searching for another place to put the UN. Contrariwise, maybe the Senate Appropriations Committee can start handing out foreign aid with insults rather than strings attached—and then we'll discover if the pride of our newly hatched sovereignties stops short of their purse.

● "A mob of some 2,000 Negroes, most of them ranging in age from about twelve to twenty, rushed to attack the . . . band and rooting section. Some . . . wielded chair legs, broken bottles, lead pipes, and knives . . . Negroes lifted the dresses and pinched the breasts of some white girls. . . . Three teaching brothers . . . were beaten by six Negroes as they tried to protect six girl cheerleaders. . . ." Léopoldville, July 1960? No, Washington, D.C., Thanksgiving Day 1962 at the conclusion of a football game in which a 99.6 per cent Negro high school was defeated by a largely white Catholic school, as reported by *Time*. Granted boys will be boys, and post-athletic explosions are generally considered to be un-newsworthy. Still, *Time* chose to publish the account because it smelled a dangerous tension. Question: why did almost all other papers keep silent? Obviously the schools themselves considered the behavior unusual. St. John's Catholic High School has announced it will not again play football against its old rival.

● Few Americans have a better title to Prince of Collaborators than Edgar Snow, who by his 1937 book, *Red Star Over China*, established himself as Chinese Communism's volunteer Press Agent No. 1 in the Western world. Though a generation older now, Snow is not yet ready to abdicate his title or his profession. Just published is his 810-page *The Other Side of the River*, a panegyric on Chinese Communism in power (and a dirge on the West) as his earlier book was a rhapsodic Ode of Anticipation. When we asked his publishers, Random House, exactly how Snow managed, in 1960 with *Look* magazine credentials, the five months of Chinese travel, supposedly prohibited to citizens of this country, we got, up to the time we went to press, only multiple mumbles from five different extensions.

● The Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial are infested with rats. Seems they were urban-renewed out of their quarters next door. So now the feds will dispatch exterminators to the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial. A post, finally, for Frank Sinatra?

U Thant Gets the Job

We have remarked before that history has the habit of blazing eloquent symbols to mark her lurching path through time. Neville Chamberlain goes to Munich, not Hitler to London. Julius, leading his legions across the Rubicon, becomes Caesar. Trotsky but not Stalin fails to appear at Lenin's funeral. God is born in exile.

Let us decode the unanimous election of U Thant as Secretary General of the United Nations. The UN's first Secretary, Trygvie Lie, was a white Christian who came from a nation of the West—a small and peripheral country, since no organization ostensibly open to the world in general could have a citizen of a major power as chief, but one that through the war years had fought as a loyal member of the Western alliance. He was succeeded by Dag Hammarskjold, also white and a citizen of another small country that is of the West; but the second Secretary General was an agnostic in personal belief, and his country long neutral on principle. U Thant is brown and a Buddhist, from one of the scores of small new nations, or pseudo-nations, that have risen out of the postwar shambles: a country "underdeveloped" economically, its amalgam of peoples largely illiterate, its policies "non-aligned" and neutralist; and U Thant is himself belligerently neutralist

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in his own views. The symbol is intricate: U Thant is also a man short in stature; and in fact the heights of the first three Secretaries General are a steadily diminishing sequence. U Thant is a little man, in all but his bureaucratic arrogance and pretensions.

The vote for U Thant was unanimous; it was meet and proper that it should be so. The organization at its present phase is appropriately summed up in its chief. The UN has become the mirror, the sounding board, the playground of the speckled flock of young statelings—paid for, naturally, by the grown-up powers, principally by the indulgent Uncle in whose front yard the pen is erected, for who would expect children to pay their own bills? The UN displays faithfully the immaturity, resentments, pettiness, disorderliness, idle jabber and tantrums of these cubs of the non-white, non-Western, mostly non-Christian (and, while we are facing truths, let us add mostly anti-white, anti-Christian, anti-Western) Third World; and happily every now and then, a promising act or word, from a few of them, of honest idealism, decent striving or due modesty in the presence of their elders and betters.

In their dealings with the UN the Communists have proved themselves wiser than we; and we, the most foolish of the foolish Western powers. The Communists accept the UN not in terms of its grandiose phrase-mongering, but for what it is, and deal with it accordingly. Shoebanging, stalking out of the room, refusing to pay your share when you don't get your own way, shouting insults, sharing little secrets—it's all normal as nursery manners.

Our monitors on the playground, unfortunately—as Conor Cruise O'Brien's book (discussed last issue by James Burnham) so tellingly documents—have their eyes not on seesaws but on the dim blue yonder. Our people, in the delegation and secretariat staff alike, really believe all that abstract nonsense saturating the UN air—Humanity, Peace, Universal Rights, Disarmament, World Law, Conscience of Mankind, Last Best Hope. . . . For the Communists, the UN can be a useful forum and political weapon. For us, until we are willing to open our eyes, it can only continue to be a political trap.

Merry Christmas

At the voting party, after the choice was named, all clapped hands when they realized what the new Secretary General had been promised for Christmas: Katanga, sealed, and wrapped in red ribbon. Mikoyan had dissolved the Cuban crisis into a verbal cloud. The Chinese had halted their march over the top of the world as mysteriously as they had started. One could once more turn one's attention to the really important matter: Smash Tshombe!

Under Secretary of State George McGhee, after consulting with the British, the Belgians, Tshombe and Adoula, had worked out a conciliatory plan that might have permitted a meeting of minds between Léopoldville and Elisabethville. This was not good enough for the Secretary General, whose bristling prestige was staked on Tshombe's capitulation, and not nearly good enough for the delegates of the Communist and Casablanca blocs who wanted blood for their votes. So a portentous new ultimatum, in U Thant's own name, was proclaimed. Belgium, under maximum pressure from Washington, joined the United States in a public threat of embargo, blockade and progressively harsher sanctions. U.S. Globemasters, for the first time since last December's fighting, began flying men and heavy arms to the UN bases in south Katanga. Five thousand Indonesian troops (inspirited by their country's late triumph, under U Thant and State Department auspices, in New Guinea) landed on the African east coast and were airlifted to the front. The army of the Central Government, covered and partly supplied and transported by the UN, opened battle against the Katangan garrison in Kongolo—where, last year, before Tshombe's men moved in to restore order and decency, Central Government troops had slowly beaten

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19 seminarists to death with bicycle chains, then carved them into small gobbets to pass around for supper.

Even so does the Last Best Hope bring its light to the Dark Continent.

Blow the Man Down

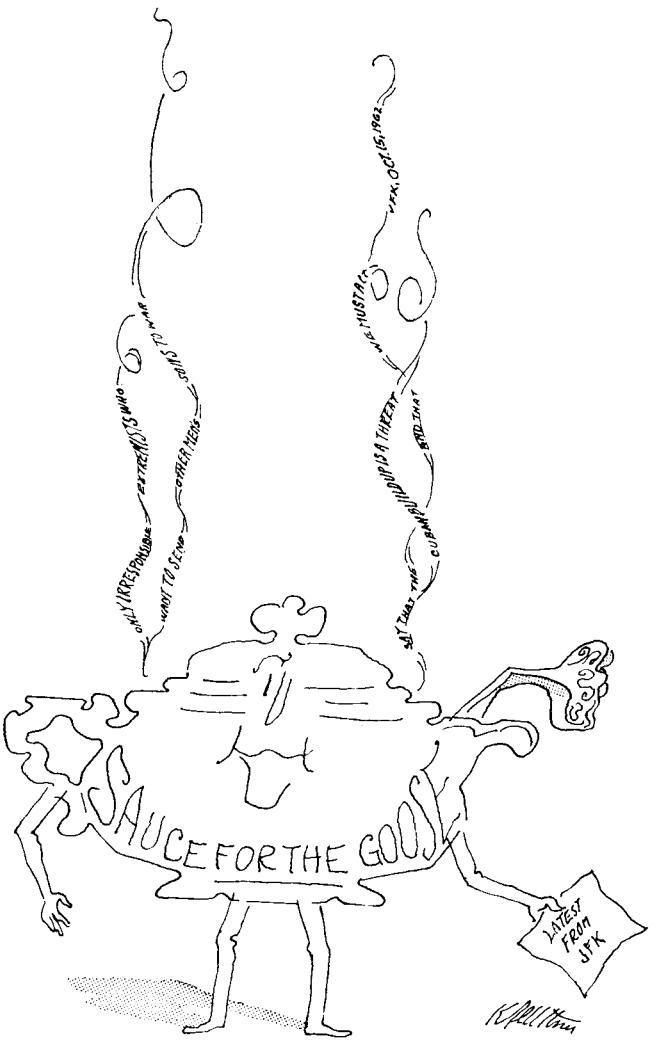
The papers are full of the news that in Chicago a week ago there assembled in private session a group of men influential in the affairs of the Republican Party who are determined to fight for the nomination of Barry Goldwater as Presidential candidate in 1964. All the world loves a mystery, and no doubt much of the publicity being given to the meeting arose out of the participants' desire to keep their deliberations confidential. "If you had invited us to the meeting," said one pertinacious reporter determined to get details from a close-mouthed participant, "we probably wouldn't have gone." The meeting was in one sense routine: it is not yet thought that Governor Rockefeller will be handed the nomination on a silver platter; but it was also news—substantial elements of the Republican Party seemed determined to make a fight for Goldwater, even if the Senator himself gives them no public encouragement.

The rumors are all over the place that Senator Goldwater is softening towards Rockefeller. He gave impetus to that rumor shortly after the election when he was quoted as saying that Governor Rockefeller was not all *that* Liberal, a statement which the conservative constituency took to mean that we should prepare ourselves to think more kindly towards Rockefeller; a dreadful thought. What the Senator actually said bears restatement: he said that Rockefeller is not as Liberal "as some people think he is." No doubt that is true: there are those who believe Rockefeller is Liberal beyond the upper reaches of the ADA graph. These are spook-seekers. Mr. Rockefeller is, in domestic affairs, a well-rounded statist, and in foreign affairs he is—who really knows? Almost certainly Rockefeller doesn't, for he has said less about foreign affairs than one would expect to hear from a far less talkative President-seeker. Senator Goldwater, by contrast, has been unequivocal: in domestic affairs he desires to diminish the role of the State. In foreign affairs he would press the Cold War and strive to neutralize the enemy's offensive power.

Senator Goldwater's comment about Rockefeller was, therefore, true, though it is surprising that *he* was surprised at its widespread misinterpretation. Meanwhile the fight will go on, one gathers from the Republican meeting. And Senator Goldwater will be fought for.

Stop Picking on Adlai

Two journalists, Messrs. Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett, have written an account of the meetings at the White House at which the decision was made to institute the famous quarantine. The account fairly reeks with authenticity, divulging, for instance, the exact nature of the telephone call McGeorge Bundy received late one evening from the CIA informing him that the cylindrical objects were in fact intermediate range missiles, and Bundy's reporting of these facts early the next morning to Mr. Kennedy in his bedroom. That kind of business is not done by responsible reporters (let alone personal friends of the President, which happens to be the case here) unless the goods have been pickled and jarred. The presumption, in other words, is that the authors have correctly reported, in substance, at any rate, the resistance by Adlai Stevenson to Kennedy's blockade.



"He wants me to tell you that he's been authorized by the Organization of American States, with the approval of U Thant, to say that Consistency is the Last Resort of the Supercritical, and that their conversations have been fruitful."

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Moreover, Stevenson's reluctance to endorse the blockade—he wanted, instead, negotiations involving Guantanamo, our bases in Turkey, Great Britain, etc., etc.—is true to form. Adlai Stevenson is crowned head of the appeasers, and it is strange that he and his supporters should now be clamoring to suggest that their beloved prince of peace went along submissively with the hawks, without even trying to soften their tempers. Why don't they say, "Yes, it's true that Stevenson resisted—we're proud that he stood for negotiation rather than unilateral military action. But he faithfully defended the President's decision when it was finally made." Yes, Stevenson finally went along with his boss. But, Alsop and Bartlett report, just in case, Arthur Schlesinger, who can write pretty belligerent prose, having practiced over the years on Republicans, was picked to write Stevenson's speech for him; and Mr. John J. McCloy was brought in from Germany to sit at Adlai's side at the UN and give him Strength.

It is not absolutely clear why all the fuss. As we say, Stevenson has been an outspoken appeaser for years. Therefore he acted true to form. Moreover, Kennedy has been a fairly consistent appeaser while President (*e.g.*, Bay of Pigs, Laos, Berlin Wall, Cuba right up to October 22 and after October 27)—and so it was he who was acting out of character, not Stevenson, when he decided on unilateral military action. The whole country must be grateful to him that he did—but who would have been surprised if instead, on October 22, he had announced his intention of calling an emergency meeting of the Security Council of the United Nations to discuss the buildup in Cuba?

What is going on, we guess, is that the great success of the President's *initial* action (as sharply distinguished from the collapse of his will on the issue of on-site inspection) has cast a shadow on Stevenson which was not there before. The national exhilaration that came with the sense that the nation at last was doing its duty heightened the shrillness of those squeaky protests in the United Nations that had been our substitute for policy for years. The Kennedy Administration and its admirers, including the two authors of the *Post* article, apparently feel the burden of Mr. Stevenson's reluctant acquiescence in decisive action in times of national emergency. It would be unjust to fire Stevenson for the constancy of his approach to international affairs, even as it was unwise to appoint him in the first place. He should, of course, be dismissed, along with such other conspicuous appeasers as Chester Bowles and Harlan Cleveland. But in firing them Mr. Kennedy should, out of honesty, explain to them, and the nation, that he wants them to go because he has seen, or partially seen, the error of his own ways.

For the Record

United Nations beefing up its armed forces in the Congo for probable future attack on Katanga. Norway sending in a number of anti-aircraft batteries. . . . Belgian residents in Elisabethville, Léopoldville demonstrating against UN and Belgian officials in protest at suspected Tshombe sell-out by Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak. . . . Head of Union Minière agreed to accompany Spaak to Washington to answer technical questions that might be raised by JFK provided his presence was kept secret. Was furious when Belgian press and then U.S. press blew his journey and implied that Union Minière is anti-Tshombe. . . . It's still far from certain that Adoula parliament will vote approval of the UN-written federal constitution which the UN-U.S. and Belgium demand Tshombe accept under pain of sanctions.

Diplomatic corps in Washington amused (JFK is not). Some weeks ago the President asked recall of German, French ambassadors. Adenauer complied, de Gaulle said he'd recall his ambassador, but he wouldn't replace him. Request dropped. . . . A highly-placed Washington source claims the President read the Adlai-addling Sat Eve Post article well before publication; didn't suggest any changes. . . . Reports that Soviet U-2-type planes are flying surveillance missions over United States from Cuba, persist despite official Administration denials. . . . There's talk among senators of setting up special subcommittee which would dispatch observers for look-see at world trouble spots in times of crisis. Advantage: The Senate would have a situation report unfiltered by State Department. . . . Canadian Peace Research Institute startled. Poll it took last month showed: 79.3 per cent of Canadians approved strong U.S. stand on Cuba, only 12.7 opposed it. (Recent Gallup Poll on Kennedy's popularity shows it rose from 61 per cent to 74 per cent after Cuban stand.)

Just published by Hungarian refugees, a clever Sing Along with Khrushchev Coloring Book (text, Ilona Fabian, illustrations, Victor Vashi; The Bookmailer, $1.00). Among the lines last week's news made come true: Khrushchev to Tito: "See you later, Deviator."

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L 2 L 4 L

Some 14,000 employees of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation don't belong to a union, and the International Association of Machinists wishes they did. So the IAM has proposed that everybody take a vote on it, even though the closed shop (or agency shop) was voted down by the employees of two other aeronautical firms not too long ago.

But Lockheed sat down firm on a principle that's one of the foundations of liberty as we know it under Anglo-Saxon law: that there's something drastically wrong in forcing a minority to do something it doesn't want to do (with the usual exceptions involving national security, etc.).

The Kennedy Administration, making a play for the union vote, has jumped in with spurious findings by "fact finders," threats to cancel military production contracts, public and semi-public pronouncements. But Lockheed hasn't budged, and the strike is on.

Over the years Lockheed has used a rubric, "L 2 L 4 L," in its sales program, the meaning of which is, Look to Lockheed for Leadership. That's not a bad message to aim towards Lockheed's competitors and, indeed, towards all of American business. American business should be the main front in the struggle to maintain liberty.

'Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring'

For years the spooks of nuclear doom, chanting their SANErotica, in unholy league with the test-banshees, hand in hand with their abnorman cousins of the cantrip, have danced in ever madder tarantism about the necromantic relics of their hero, Shima. But the witches' sabbat ends at last in the gamma rays of los alamosy-fingered dawn; the spooks will let the Left know what their rite does; let them go home, and sit on their atomic piles. The Master has spoken: not all mushrooms are toadstools.

"The first really important and thoroughly economic use of atomic energy," said Edward Teller on November 28 to the American Nuclear Society, is now available—and is peaceful and constructive.

(First Witch: *Give us more carcasses! Give us burnt children!*)

Dr. Teller described an experimental blast in Nevada last summer, which removed 7.5 million yards of earth in a couple of seconds and left no residue of harmful radiation.

(Second Witch: *Give us fallout! We need Strontium 90!*)

Such a result, he said, made it now immediately practical to plan major construction projects using atomic explosions instead of the slow and expensive present methods of earth-moving.

(*Give us firestorms! Smash our cities! Pollute the oceans!*)

For instance, said Dr. Teller, we should proceed immediately to blast a chain of harbors along the Hawaiian archipelago, blast a harbor in Alaska near the major coal deposits, blast a canal to connect two rivers in the South.

(*Carbon 14! Cesium! We need Cesium! Radium, odium, newt's eye!*)

The radioactive side-effects can be controlled, said the recent winner of the Enrico Fermi Award, and blast areas can be entered within a few weeks of the explosion.

(*Praise of folly! Place of folly! Bombs and tombs and melancholy!*)

And, said Dr. Teller, such major earth-moving chores can be performed atomically at a fraction of the cost of present methods.

Ding dong. Dance's over. G'night, ye witches.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE IN THE WORLD . . . except men

by Aloise Heath

Notes and Asides

Publisher Rusher observes that when this issue reaches your hands Christmas will be less than a fortnight away. He hopes that you are having as much trouble completing your gift list as he had with his. He says "had" because now his troubles are over. He had forgotten to send himself one of those Christmas letters he wrote everyone else. He came across a copy and was so moved by his own words that he at once finished his shopping by sending in subscriptions for every unchecked name. He strongly recommends his example. (In the promotion office downstairs a young man named Steven Kraft started work last week. He saw the letter from 83-year-old Wilbur Helm printed in this space last issue, and wrote a note to circulation manager Bob White: "Dear Mr. White, I want to be a regular subscriber if you will give me credit until payday. I am only 17 now but I figure that it may take me until I'm over 80, like Mr. Helm, to understand every word in the articles by ———— and ————, so I'd like to begin before it's too late.")

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On the Right

Must We Hate Portugal?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Laurenço Marques, Mozambique
The problem is how to get from this shore across the river, full of crocodile and hippos, over to that shore, about forty yards away, and the answer, in the absence of the bridge the government cannot afford to build, is a pontoon manned by four blacks, who push it across by leaning on long bamboo poles. They managed the operation, in a spirit of easy-going chaos, in about forty-five minutes. I am the most unmechanical person ever inflicted on the Machine Age, and yet I would have undertaken, given one hour, to have devised means of reducing that forty-five minutes to thirty, and without the use of a single tool unknown to the Stone Age. It isn't that the four natives were facing an *ad hoc* problem: they are the regular ferry crew on a highway leading to the great game reservation at Gorongosa, visited last year by 22,000 people. They simply do not use their minds, and do not change their ways; and this is one of the problems the Portuguese (and other colonizers) face in Africa. Even so, native inertia is less of a burden to the Portuguese than the UN, and World Opinion.

Buckley

The more serene element in Africa tends to believe that rampant African nationalism is self-discrediting, and that therefore the time is bound to come when America, and the West—and perhaps even the more responsible nations in Asia—will depart from our dogmatic anticolonialism, and realize what is the nature of the beast. Surely, they reason, the barbaric antics of Nkrumah will cool the anti-colonialist passion? Taken together with the refinements of Angolan rebels, led by Holden Roberto, in the art of terrorism? . . . But others are more pessimistic. They believe—we believe—that the West simply does not care to learn; that rather than learn that some of the axioms of political Liberalism are self-defeating and suicidal, and so replace them with others, we will stay on our course with fanatical determination: and never mind what happens as the result of it.

The Case of Mozambique

Consider the case of the Portuguese colonies in Africa. Consider, more narrowly, Mozambique, all half-million square miles of it, in which the Portuguese settled seventy-five years before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock. In Mozambique there are seven million natives and 130,000 whites. There is a considerable degree of local autonomy, but Lisbon makes the crucial decisions. Many of the whites hope the day will soon come, and are confident it will come fairly soon, when Mozambique will be completely self-governing save in foreign affairs, which would continue to be run out of Lisbon. How do they treat the natives? As you would treat grown-up children, it would, I think, be fair to say. While it is true that the tiny white minority absolutely dominates Mozambique, it is also true that there is no explicit color line. "God knows," one Portuguese official said to me, "how many colors run through my own blood—why should I cavil at association with men of yet one other ethnic strain?" I saw black natives mixing with whites in churches, in elementary schools, in professional schools, in government offices, in a resort hotel. And this was not showcase exhibitionism: there are not enough snoopers calling in at Laurenço Marques and Beira every week to set up Potemkin villages.

Moreover, a black man may vote after passing the same tests a white man must pass in order to vote. The danger that the native, having got the vote, will use that vote to pry Mozambique away from Portugal is met by careful pre-selection of the issues on which voters will be canvassed. It is no more contemplated in Mozambique that the issue before the electorate will ever be: "Shall we expel the Portuguese whites and give plenipotentiary powers to Holden Roberto?" than it is contemplated in America that the electorate will ever be asked to vote for or against the Bill of Rights.

Even so, notwithstanding the economic, social, and political progress that has recently been made under the Portuguese in the African provinces; the long history of the Portuguese in Africa; the upward mobility of the native in a society with the least rigid color line in Africa; even so, the United Nations, lashed on by the Afro-Asian group, seems to be devoting whatever days it can spare from interfering in South African affairs, to denouncing the Portuguese and urging them, in effect, to get out of Africa.

One might expect that the Nassers, Nehrus and Nkrumahs—the sick nationalists of the postwar period—would use their influence to such short-sighted ends; but the shock comes when our own representative in the United Nations, Mr. Adlai Stevenson, votes, as he did eighteen months ago and again last month, alongside the forces of disruption—and does so, moreover, for one reason alone—to ingratiate the United States with the powerful Afro-Asian bloc. How much damage, how many distortions we continue to impose on our policies, as the result of that tyrannous parliamentary majority in the General Assembly! Its influence on the West is disastrous. Its influence is also disastrous on the peoples in whose name it allegedly speaks: the Egyptians dictated to with more finality by Nasser than by Farouk; the Ghanaians, imprisoned by Nkrumah as they never were by the Colonial Secretary; the Congolese, under the chaos of Adoula where once they had order and, slow though it was, progress—more progress than they had made in the thousands of years during which they were governed by tribal despots. These are the legacies of the United Nations, which emerges as the true enemy of the native populations of Africa.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

In the aftermath of the latest Cuban episode all sorts of rumors concerning the possible dismissal of a number of White House advisers began to circulate. Some of these rumors were traced back to newsmen who are known to have the President's ear. The individuals mentioned were those leading Knights of the Supple Spine, Adlai Stevenson, Walt Rostow, Arthur Schlesinger and several others of the "Russia is mellowing" crowd. Now it seems that Stevenson is the main target of "Operation Stiletto" which the crueler commentators contend is being mounted in the White House.

Cato

The President tends to employ the "oblique" method in the firing of subordinates, as in the case of Chester Bowles whose ousting from the post of Under Secretary of State began with a spate of leaked stories suggesting that his days were numbered. This pattern appears to be holding with Stevenson. First the rumors and now a story in the *Saturday Evening Post*, written by two Kennedy intimates in the press—Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett.

The story charges that Stevenson took a soft line on Cuba and suggested a deal which Khrushchev himself did not even dare propose, *i.e.*, that the United States swap its bases not only in Turkey but also in Italy and Great Britain in return for removal of the Red rockets from Cuba. Stevenson has denied the story but, considering the source, nobody really believes his denial. Some Stevenson intimates deny he ever suggested giving up the missile sites in Turkey but admit he was prepared to negotiate about our base at Guantanamo.

If Operation Stiletto runs true to form, the rumors will run another couple of weeks. Then, in due course —in the Bowles case it took several months—a "private" conference between Stevenson and the President will take place after which his appointment to "an important new post" as the President's special roving envoy to Lower Slobbovia will be announced. And off into the great Presidential limbo will go Stevenson, in orbit with Chester Bowles and Soapy Williams.

Whether any of the other Softs will go is uncertain at the moment. Their influence on the President is said to be at a low ebb. But if that is so, how is one to account for recent decisions to suspend the blockade and take Khrushchev's word for it that the Soviet bombers are being sent home?

One way-out theory of the Chinese attack on India—but which has persuasive supporting evidence—is that it was part of a master plan in which both the USSR and Red China would play their part. The all-out assault on the West was to be global: including military action in India and Korea, a power play in Cuba and a move on Berlin by the East German Government. The final test of the American will to resist before the Soviet strategists pulled out all the stops was to be Cuba. If the United States allowed the Soviet Union to base long-range missiles in Cuba it would mean that the West would not resist. But the United States took up the gauntlet here and that may have de-fused the entire operation. Proponents of this thesis say plans for the invasion of India had gone too far to be cancelled when the Cuban situation blew up in Khrushchev's face, which might account for the confusion about China's on-and-off-again attack on India.

The experts now expect a general pull-back all along the line. The Soviets will try to salvage what they can at the conference table. And here they may get an assist from those in the Administration who cling to the idea that negotiations are the best way out and that nothing should be done that might put Khrushchev on the spot. The White House, having taken a hard stand in mid-October, now seems determined to give the Reds a "way out."

The big question facing the 88th Congress in its opening days: "Will the GOP leadership in the House help unpack the Rules Committee?" has been answered. It is going to try. The GOP leaders have decided to join forces with Virginia's Howard Smith, the Rules Committee Chairman, in unpacking the Committee. Whether or not the leadership can hold its forces together is another question. If it can, the Administration will have suffered a major defeat. This will be a close one and it bears watching since the outcome will have drastic effects upon the fortunes of the Kennedy program over the next two years.

An atmosphere of near-panic prevails among Republican Liberals as a result of the Party's obvious wooing of the South. Clifford Case and Jacob Javits—in statements bordering on the hysterical—have warned the GOP to leave the South alone and concentrate on beating (read it: outpromising) the Democrats in the big city states.

Advance, the Liberal Republican magazine edited by a group of Harvard alumni (recent vintage), heavily financed from unspecified quarters, has launched a bitter attack against the Republican top brass (Reps. Miller and Wilson, Sen. Goldwater) for their acclaim of Republican electoral successes in the South.

Advance and the Liberal wing of the party have hit the panic button because they fear—really fear—for the first time since 1952 that the conservatives now have a compelling argument to present to the convention delegates in '64. And that is that if the Republican Party puts up a conservative candidate for the Presidency two years from now, who is acceptable to Dixie, he would have a good chance of winning the White House by turning the Solid South against the Democratic Party. It would destroy the Taft-is-a-fine-man, Goldwater-is-a-fine-man "but he can't win" argument which gave the Republican nomination to the Willkies, Deweys and Eisenhowers in the past and would give it to the Rockefellers, Romneys or Scrantons next time round.

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The Third World War

In re: *Right* v. *Charles de Gaulle*

JAMES BURNHAM

Archduke Otto in this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW presents an able and persuasive brief for Charles de Gaulle. It derives an exceptional interest from the fact that Otto, as heir to the house of Habsburg, is the prime living embodiment of the tradition that Charles de Gaulle integrally shares: of the ancestral, Christian Europe "of Fatherlands" that arose from the ashes of the Roman Empire.

Otto's brief, like all *ex parte* presentations, edits its data with an eye on the interests of the client. To offer as sole disproof of the charge that de Gaulle has moved toward dictatorship one's ability to buy at a French newsstand a journal attacking de Gaulle is a synecdoche too frail to carry its logical burden. The concentration camps cannot be so lightly brushed away, nor the thousands of arrests by purely administrative action, nor the ruthless exploitation of the government's TV monopoly, nor the violations of the Constitution. Nor, for that matter, the suppression of not a few issues of those journals that routinely appear on the newsstands.

The killings by the OAS may have been ferocious and "insane"—the killings by the side that fails usually seem so. In the full record we must include a prefatory observation: that de Gaulle, since he had deprived the Algerian *pieds noirs* of all legal voice and did not permit them even to vote on the question of Algeria's own future, left them no means except direct action and terror by which to express their opposition to his plan. It might also be added that the killings by the FLN—to which de Gaulle turned over Algeria—have not been notably gentle or rational.

Otto is overly cavalier, I believe, in writing off North Africa as of no strategic importance in the nuclear age. This widespread view that multi-megaton nuclear weapons nullify geography is too abstract by far. It does not seem to be accepted by any general staff. If it were true, the U.S. Chiefs would hardly have been so alarmed at missiles in Cuba, or the Soviet commanders so perennially unhappy at the Western bases that ring their borders.

In a military-strategic sense de Gaulle abandoned Algeria; by doing so he weakened the military posture of the West. Otto argues that this was inevitable, once Morocco and Tunisia had been given up—not by de Gaulle but by the leaders of the Fourth Republic. That may be true, though many first-hand observers state that the French Army had defeated the FLN; but whether true or not, the withdrawal is nothing for any Gallic cock to crow about.

Communism as Mirage

From the perspective of the Right the heaviest charge against de Gaulle is of failure to understand the nature of the world Communist enterprise. On this Otto's defense is to identify himself with the defendant: to reveal, that is, the identical failure, which is in truth the all but inevitable failure of those who think about political and strategic affairs of the mid-twentieth century in too exclusively traditional terms. If our time is indeed adequately defined in the categories sufficient for the age of Plantagenets, Tudors, Bourbons—or Habsburgs, then it is enough to see Communism as only a transitory cover for the reality of the Russian state and people, and all ideologies as no more than veils over the enduring realities of nation, empire, people and race. It is then legitimate to foresee the possibility of *coming to terms* with Communism: both internationally, for surely France has proved that she can come to terms with Russia; and internally, for the local Party members are then only misguided children of the same fatherland.

That is the vision, mirage rather, that acts as goal and guide for de Gaulle's policy. It is this mirage that has hidden from de Gaulle, and from his present defender, the real consequences, past and to come, of his acts. De Gaulle cannot see, even so close at hand, what he has wrought within France: that he has reduced all political formations to jelly, *save only the Communist Party,* which emerges from the battles of November 18/25 not merely unscathed but revivified. De Gaulle and the Communists: that is all, for "the Gaullist party" (UNR) is not truly a party, not a genuine political formation, but only de Gaulle's personal following, heaped together from every point of the political compass. Take de Gaulle away, and what remains?

Let the Past Bury Its Dead

Nevertheless, whatever its deficiencies as history and analysis, Otto's essay can serve a needed hygienic purpose. In politics the dead past must be allowed to bury its dead. Reciting the litany of de Gaulle's sins while fighting yesterday's battles is not politics but sterile sentimentality. The Algerian war—at least *that* Algerian war—is finished. The Fourth Republic has ended. De Gaulle has his Assembly majority, and he got it because most of the conservative and responsible citizens of France—the citizens on whom the nation's survival depends—decided that he was the least of the evils they confronted: less than the supreme political evil of Communism, less than the bankrupt parties left over from the Fourth Republic, less than the diehards of *Algérie française* who, whether judged heroes, villains or madmen, had lost touch with the nation.

The past cannot be made not to have been. For anti-Communists and conservatives willing to look forward as well as back, the course in France now would seem to be not so much against de Gaulle as through and beyond de Gaulle: to attempt, specifically, to construct some sort of genuine political formation within the amorphous UNR, drawing also on the best of the youth adrift to Center and Left and the demoralized groups of the further Right, so that there may be a political force ready to join hands with the Army in the crisis that will come after Charles de Gaulle's departure.

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The De Gaulle Gambit

The author begs to dissent: De Gaulle, he says, does understand the Communist threat. That is why he hopes to build a united, nuclear-armed Europe strong enough to shape its own destiny.

OTTO VON HABSBURG

After his colossal victory in the election of November 18/25, Charles de Gaulle bestrides France as no individual leader has done since the fall of Louis Napoleon. The century-long game of musical chairs, which seated a new government every nine months on average, has ended. A French regime now rests on a solid majority in the Assembly instead of a patched-up coalition. President de Gaulle is master in his house.

Because this is so, and because France historically as well as geographically is at the core of Europe and the West, it becomes more necessary than ever for us to estimate correctly the nature and aims of the policy de Gaulle is so relentlessly pursuing. France and de Gaulle have been widely criticized over the past year, and the attacks have come from every direction. Communists and the extreme right try to outdo each other in their campaigns against the Fifth Republic.

The Soviet and the local Communists complain bitterly about France's energetic stand on Berlin. They know that it is primarily de Gaulle who has prevented a soft solution there; and they denounce the French leader in print, radio and by caricature as an imperialist and a warmonger.

On the extreme right, the loudest voices are those of certain French politicians, who placed their bets on the downfall of the Fifth Republic as a consequence of the Algerian problem. They hoped to use the desperate Algerian masses as a lever for imposing their rule on the people of France. Because their subversive plan failed, they are today generals without an army. In revenge they try to arouse world opinion against their own country.

Among de Gaulle's critics there are also a number of genuine conservatives who are being fooled by the barrage from the extreme right. They seem to feel that everyone who calls himself a rightist must be an honorable man. Not realizing that these extremists are genuine totalitarians, they consider even the Secret Army (OAS) killers and their political henchmen to be conservatives.

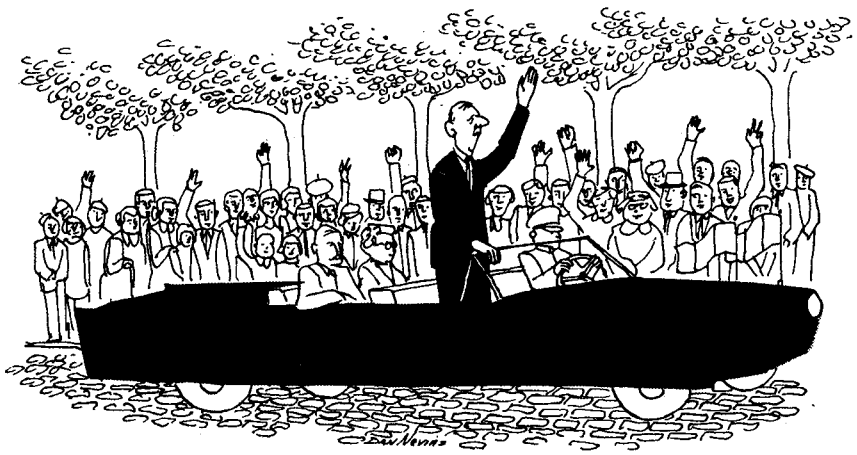
In trying to judge the French situation objectively we may disregard the Communist accusations, but those coming from the Right are important because they cast doubt on France's reliability. It is argued, for example, that in internal affairs de Gaulle's regime is a dictatorship—an odd conclusion to those who have experienced real dictatorships and who know that at Parisian newsstands they can buy papers that insult de Gaulle in language even more vituperative than that used by Americans in their Presidential campaigns. However, it is France's attitude in world affairs that is of primary significance outside France.

1. The Algerian Problem

Every discussion of France—even today, when the shooting in the ugly, bloody seven-years' war has stopped—starts with Algeria. It is argued by de Gaulle's right-wing critics that he threw Algeria away; that the Evian treaty was tantamount to treason; that he turned the North African territory over to the FLN revolutionaries despite the fact that the uprising had already been militarily crushed. Objective observers do not accept this picture. No one can be happy about the Evian agreement, but it was the only solution for a catastrophic situation. De Gaulle took power in the midst of a political bankruptcy from which, despite his efforts, little could be salvaged.

The prelude to the loss of Algeria came soon after the War of 1870, when the Assembly passed the so-called *Loi Crémieux,* which gave French citizenship to Europeans and Jews in Algeria but denied it to the bulk of the Arab-Moslem population. This discrimination aroused a bitterness in the disfranchised that was felt all the more vividly when Algeria became legally a part of France rather than just a colony.

Other French policies increased Moslem dissatisfaction. The French Government often sent incompetent, abusive bureaucrats to Algeria as a form of punishment. The educational system was dominated by the *école*



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laïque, officially non-sectarian but in reality aggressively anti-religious. Often the absence of God was compensated for by petty French nationalism, which in turn produced the reaction: Arab nationalism.

As long as Morocco and Tunisia remained linked to the mother country, French rule in Algeria was strategically defensible. It was certainly not de Gaulle who lost those two countries, but the men of the Fourth Republic. Even earlier, during World War II, it was General Giraud who deposed Sidi Moncef Bey of Tunisia in a move plainly directed against de Gaulle. The downfall and subsequent imprisonment of that beloved ruler and his replacement by the weak Sidi Lamine Bey destroyed French prestige in Tunisia. In Morocco, the French presence came to an end when —under Georges Bidault as premier —the popular King Mohammed was exiled and replaced by the puppet, Ben Arafa, in cynical violation of all agreements. When later events forced Paris to permit Mohammed's return to the throne, French standing had been dealt a death blow. With the two flanking countries separated from France, the strategic situation of Algeria was hopeless. A glance at the map shows that the unity of the Maghreb is inscribed in the geography of the African continent.

The world-wide trend toward decolonization thus found fertile ground in Algeria, which the indiscriminate terror of the OAS further stimulated. The cowardly attacks of the OAS terrorists on the Moslem population, especially after the signing of the Evian agreement, poisoned an already foul atmosphere. Each current Arab violation of the agreement is justified as retaliation for OAS crimes; and this is not easy to reject.

It is frequently stated that Algeria is indispensable to the NATO defense system. Many military experts say this idea may have been true twenty years ago but is obsolete in the nuclear age. In any case it would be unwise to write off Algeria; the last word has not yet been said. Moreover, peace in Algeria has changed France's strategic position for the better. French forces, both military and economic, were tied down in an endless, murderous struggle, but have now regained freedom of action in more essential areas.

Jacques Soustelle has eloquently stated ["De Gaulle's Break with the West," *NR* June 19, 1962] that General de Gaulle wanted to get rid of the overseas territories in order to carry out his grand design in Europe. Those who really know what de Gaulle thinks testify that this is not so. If de Gaulle favored decolonization, it was because he understood that the realities of France's African empire made it inevitable. To cling to territories where no roots had taken was dangerous. Even in those areas—like Madagascar, the Ivory Coast and Senegal—where French culture was already well developed, the time had come for a changed relationship. It is instructive to note that, with the possible exception of Guinea, the former French colonies have not only established normal governments but have maintained close links with France, and through France with the West. The UN voting record of French Africa on such crucial issues as recognition of Red China is encouraging, and should not be overlooked.

2. *De Gaulle and the Communists*

De Gaulle's former right-wing associates often charge him with softness toward Communism, as part of a grand design for a future agreement between French-led Europe and the Soviet Union. This charge springs from their displeasure with de Gaulle's attitude in 1958.

The revolt of May 13, 1958 was a victory of right-wing forces. The

Iliad Talk

W. H. VON DREELE

Way back in olden times when Helen launched ships and Troy was something besides a railroad terminal near Albany, New York, the Trojans had a doctrine. Neither King Priam nor Hector nor Paris could remember who had *pronounced* the doctrine. All they knew was, it worked. It went: "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts."

One day when the front was quiet and few Greek ships cruised the wine-dark sea, there was a knock outside the battlements. It was a Greek staff sergeant.

"Hi! King Agamemnon sent me over with this horse 'cause he thought you folks might be gettin' bored and all, and like that."

Paris, who had answered the knock, looked at the horse. Then he turned to his father, King Priam, and said: "Gee, Dad, I sure go for that. Couldn't I have it?" Priam's tired face clouded.

"That's a gift, stupid, and the man with it is Greek. Doesn't that mean *anything* to you, son?" But Paris' face grew longer and longer.

"Dad, I want it. Besides, this shipment does not constitute a serious threat to any part of this hemisphere." His father looked doubtful as Paris continued: "Moreover, Troy will do whatever must be done to protect its security and that of its allies."

"But son, what about the Doctrine? What will the Trojans say?"

To this, his son had a ready answer. "I would hope that the Trojan people will, in this Homeric Age, as they have in the past, keep both their nerve and their heads."

"OK, son, have fun." And with that, Paris untied the strings around the Trojan horse, and everybody knows what happened after that.

MORAL: No-whinny policy.

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winners expected not only to get the spoils but to be able to annihilate their enemies of yesterday. To their great dismay, de Gaulle opposed their plans for political purges, and for this resistance they accused him of ingratitude and treason. Obviously some of them have never understood the workings of de Gaulle's mind. The French leader is not the head of a gang, who conquers the State for his friends, and slaughters those who oppose him—like the Hitlers and Mussolinis. De Gaulle, who has studied and comprehended history, knows that a genuine ruler, a statesman, feels equally responsible for his followers and his opponents. He must be the guarantor of justice for all, not the wielder of power for power's sake.

De Gaulle has not dissolved the Communist Party of France because he feels that this party, despite its vast number of voters, is very sick. Communism has nowhere gained power legally. There has never been a Communist revolution from below; it has always come from above. The dangerous Communist is not the voter, but the secret agent who infiltrates the public administration and other centers of control. Since 1958 a major security job has been carried out, tactfully and without public outcry. The government, and especially the police force, has got rid of many Communists, in most cases—as was wise—on non-political grounds.

The Communists have not been strengthened, as Soustelle contends, by the fact that they were proved right about the end of French rule in Indochina and Algeria. It is immaterial to most people where the Communists stood on Algeria; but they have not forgotten, as the election proved, that the end of the Algerian nightmare came under de Gaulle's Fifth Republic. The one thing that gave the Communist party cadres a new lease on life was the OAS terror: here was the perfect pretext for unity against a new fascist menace.

There are complaints about de Gaulle's dissolution of certain anti-Communist organizations. The complainants fail to mention that in their program anti-Communism was just one point among many. These organizations were banned, not because of their hostility to Moscow, but because of their support of subversion. Most of them, like those formed by Bidault and Soustelle, existed mainly on paper in any case.

The demoralization of the army is also frequently mentioned; and it is demoralized. However, it was not de Gaulle who broke the army's morale, but the fact of a lost war. In spite of the unavoidably tragic consequences of defeat, the French Army has not been liquidated; it exists and is rapidly recovering. Moreover, the police and other internal security forces have been cleared of subversives and are reliable.

3. *Is France Moving Toward Neutralism?*

De Gaulle is accused of wanting a neutralized France in order to arbitrate between Russia and the United States. Let us note that Moscow disagrees. Both the Russian press and the secret directives sent to the Communist parties in Europe show that in Moscow's eyes the Fifth Republic is a dangerous enemy. This Communist fear is understandable. De Gaulle often speaks of "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals," from which springs the charge that he does not understand the impact of ideologies; that he thinks exclusively in terms of States and Peoples. De Gaulle of course knows from history that ideologies are a passing show, while peoples remain. He has kept his vision clear enough to see Russia behind the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, just as during World War II he was cautious enough to remember that Nazism was not Germany.

Thus he has been able to make his peace with the German people today, and to foresee that one day, after the end of another totalitarian nightmare, there will be an understanding with the Russian people. He does what the Kremlin most fears: he makes a clear distinction between the rulers and their subjects.

De Gaulle does not ignore Communism. He realizes, however, that Marxian ideology is in a deep crisis, with its dogmas contradicted at every step by the facts. He grasps the impact of the Sino-Russian differences. Hence he is unwilling to subscribe to a defensive, static concept, but insists on looking forward. De Gaulle is not a defeatist. He believes the West could achieve much more today if it kept emphasizing the inner contradictions of the enemy. And he believes that we can win the Cold War without bloodshed: under the influence of a forward looking policy changes will occur inside Russia that will permit a peaceful understanding in the future.

Some people fear that this means a Europe allied with Russia against the United States, but this is totally mistaken. The French policy continues to be firmly based on alliance with Washington, with future solutions subject to agreement with this ally. These principles determine de Gaulle's approach to NATO. His sometimes critical remarks show only his honest concern with the future of the alliance and his wish to strengthen it. When NATO was organized Europe did not exist; the continent was poor, bled white, split up into small countries. Between us and the Russians there stood only the might of the United States. At the outset NATO was fundamentally a unilateral American guarantee for Western Europe. Since then the situation has changed. Europe now has a prosperous economy, the Coal and Steel Community, the Common Market, a political stabilization and military buildup, and the beginnings of a political community. Europe is once again a major power. Thus the foundations of NATO are not the same as when the treaty was signed. Relations between a world power and a number of small unprotected countries are not at all the same as relations between two world powers of almost equal force. NATO's vitality is sapped by the fact that it is prisoner of by-gone formulas. Whoever has the future of NATO at heart and hopes that one day this alliance may lead to an Atlantic Community must demand that the treaty be adapted to present realities; and this is the sense of de Gaulle's critique.

The problem of France's atomic armament—de Gaulle's famous *force de frappe*—is closely related to the problem of NATO. It is false to sup-

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pose that de Gaulle wants atomic weapons in order to impose his hegemony on Europe and then stay out of any future world conflict.

In the nuclear age the nature of war and alliance has basically changed. Every treaty has an unwritten clause, which permits one partner to withdraw if the fulfillment of his obligations would be tantamount to national suicide. In the past, this was seldom relevant, because wars rarely threatened total extinction: a country lost at worst a province, colony or particular regime. Now, the decision to go to war entails for a major power the risk of total or almost total destruction. Under these conditions unlimited alliances are no longer possible. No responsible government can pledge the national existence for an objective that may not be absolutely vital to the country's survival.

This means in practical contemporary terms that an alliance with a nuclear power is valid only for as long as mutual interests coincide. Most European and American interests do. Nevertheless, there are areas that may be vital to us and not to our overseas friends. So long as we in Europe have no ultimate weapons, we cannot defend these interests effectively. The Soviet Union might easily be tempted to gamble on this fact in its approach to Europe.

It is therefore an imperative of European security for us to have our own nuclear force. Ties between European nations are today so close that it is a minor question which hands possess the nuclear weapons. The main point is that they should exist. The French nuclear development is a common European interest. No sane continental European is frightened by it. On the contrary, we feel that since France has become a nuclear power our bargaining position has vastly improved. The security of the Atlantic Community has notably increased.

4. *L'Europe des Patries*

The picture of the French President as a somber tyrant, both in domestic policies and world-strategic views, would not be complete without adding that, having taken away French liberties, he now plans to rule the continent. In this there is a meeting of minds between *Pravda* and France's extreme right wing. The main argument of both camps is based on de Gaulle's approach to the political integration of Europe, his slogan of *l'Europe des patries* ("Europe of fatherlands"), and his alleged efforts to keep Britain out of the continent.

In Europe today a great debate is going on between those who want a European federation right now and those who believe that a looser confederation is a necessary first phase. This argument over means should not be allowed to obscure the general agreement on the end: namely, the political unity of Europe.

The case for *l'Europe des patries,* that is for confederation, may be put as follows. In politics it is always fatal to try to take the second step before the first. The political integra-

tion of Europe is so novel and far-reaching that the nations should become accustomed to it stage by stage. This approach has proved itself in the economic field. Had there not first been the Coal and Steel Community there would never have been a Common Market. Conversely in military affairs: we would today be much further along the road to military integration if we had not tried to jump at once into a complete Defense Community.

There is another strong argument from recent history for *l'Europe des patries*. Our great diplomatic tragedy was the absence of continental Europe at Yalta. We Europeans had no advocate of our interests there. Today the deepening crisis of the Communist bloc makes future direct negotiations with the Soviet Union very likely. Most Europeans, even those who would not talk about this openly, feel most uneasy when they see that some of their vital problems are being discussed over their heads between the two primary world powers. We feel that once some sort of political Europe has been created it will become nearly impossible to decide our fate in our absence. A confederation can be more easily and rapidly achieved than full integration, and is therefore more desirable right now. Furthermore, everybody, including de Gaulle, knows very well that a confederation must lead before long to a federation.

The idea of *l'Europe des patries* proves conclusively that Paris is not trying to keep Britain out of Europe. For traditional and other reasons—as affirmed by Mr. Macmillan—Britain could not at present think of joining a federated, but only a confederated, Europe. Thus de Gaulle's approach means to open, not shut, the door to London. As for the French attitude toward British membership in the Common Market, it is hard but not unduly hostile. The French only want to be sure that the British will abide by the organization's fundamental rules, like the rest of the members. When you enter a club, you have to accept the by-laws or withdraw your application. The original signers of the Treaty of Rome have carried a heavy burden, and legitimately demand that new applicants must share the sacrifices along with the benefits. This has led to tough bargaining between Britain and the Six, but the interests on both sides are so close that there can be little doubt of final success.

Early in September Germany received the head of the French State. Literally hundreds of thousands of young men and women thronged the streets to acclaim the man who for them was France. It was a deep and spontaneous enthusiasm such as is rarely seen.

The older among us could not avoid looking back over the road we have traveled. We had known the Rhine as a chasm separating two deadly enemies. We had seen German troops crushing France, and then the vengeance of the victors. And now we were seeing this hostility disappear in the resurgence of the Empire of Charlemagne, the Europe of former times, through the union after a thousand years of the Frankish nation—of the

(Continued on p. 490)

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Special Report

As the Pakistanis See It

FREDA UTLEY

During the Second World War my old friend Liu Chieh, today Free China's Ambassador to the United Nations, said to me: America treats China like a faithful wife whom one can be sure of despite neglect and infidelity, while its attitude toward Soviet Russia is that of a man toward a capricious mistress who has to be given presents and continually flattered and made love to from fear she may go off with someone else.

This simile applies to the contrast today between our attitudes toward our loyal and longstanding ally, Pakistan, and toward India. Even after Communist China's attack on India we continued to treat Nehru on the assumption that he so yearns for Moscow's embrace, or for his lost love, Peiping, that unless we display the tenderest concern he might refuse to allow us to continue being his Sugar Daddy. At the outset of the conflict we rushed to offer emergency arms aid even before Nehru admitted there was an emergency; while he was maintaining diplomatic relations with Communist China and still urging her admittance to the United Nations; while he was still looking to Communist Moscow for aid which, of course, never came. At the same time we pressured Pakistan to enter into a coalition with Nehru's India for defense of the sub-continent without any guarantee that the "Hindu imperialists," who had hitherto sided with the Communist powers and proclaimed Pakistan India's Enemy Number One, would not destroy her if and when Nehru reached an accommodation with Peiping via Moscow.

Despite the fact that India now desperately needs our arms also, we continued to tremble at the thought that Nehru, like a hysterical woman, might prefer to lose all India rather than let Kashmir go free. We did not make our emergency arms aid conditional on Nehru's implementation of his long dishonored pledge to allow the people of Kashmir the right of self-determination through a United Nations supervised plebiscite. Instead, we urged our ally, Pakistan, to guarantee India against any Pakistani move in relation to Kashmir if India shifted her troops from the Pakistan border, where two-thirds of her effectives have been stationed.

Standard Tactic

Fortunately for the West as well as for the people of India and Pakistan, President Ayub Khan reacted with exemplary calm, common sense and *sang-froid* to what appeared to his people as betrayal by their Western allies. While refusing to accede to popular clamor for abandonment of the Western alliance, he used the standard tactic of neglected wives who, while remaining loyal at heart to unfaithful husbands, engage in flirtations to show that they are still attractive enough to be eagerly courted by others. Peiping's offer to Pakistan not only of a border settlement but of a non-aggression pact permitting her to continue her membership in SEATO and CENTO, plus the growing opposition inside India to Nehru's disastrous policies, caused us to change our approach. Averell Harriman informed Nehru that the United States did not intend to supply India with the massive long-term arms aid she requires unless a settlement with Pakistan was arranged—that we had no intention of re-equipping the Indian army so long as it continued to sit on Pakistan's borders instead of defending India against Communist China. Chester Bowles privately assured American correspondents that heavy pressures were being exerted on Nehru to negotiate with Pakistan. This must be true since Nehru finally agreed to do so, but since our concern for his susceptibilities prevented us from saying these things in public, our intervention is unlikely to make us more popular with the Pakistanis.

It is not at all sure that Nehru has actually abandoned his intransigent attitude. Already on November 30, immediately after having won the détente with Pakistan without which he cannot hope to "negotiate from strength" with Communist China, Nehru started to renege on his promises by telling the Indian Parliament that he had no intention of negotiating with Pakistan either for a plebiscite or for the partition of Kashmir. After frantic telephone calls and a hurried flight by Duncan Sandys to New Delhi, Nehru again reversed himself, and declared that he had no intention "to limit the scope of the discussions to exclude consideration of any solution which either government might wish to propose."

Nehru has ostensibly got rid of Krishna Menon, who played Mr. Hyde to Nehru's Dr. Jekyll. But Menon is still being held in reserve as his man in Moscow-Peiping, should Nehru be able to achieve his basic aim of rejoining the neutralist cabal against the West after we have saved his country, and perhaps sacrificed Pakistan. There is some evidence that the State Department and the Administration have learned something from the China disaster of the late forties. Ayub Khan, a reformer who really rules, would seem to be, moreover, much wiser than Chiang Kai-shek.

The president of Pakistan has acted like a British "officer and gentleman" of the old school, but he has not been so naive as to trust the West too much. Nehru seems to have acquired from his British education and affiliations only the worst: a combination of smug Victorian hypocrisy with outdated belief in the inherent virtues of a socialist society.

It is possible that the old double-dealer is on his way out. In the Pakistan view, it was not Western pressures but the Indian opposition that forced Nehru to change his posture. Thanks to President Ayub Khan we can hope that Communist China (and maybe also Moscow) will fail to accomplish what may well have been their primary objective in attacking India, described as follows by *New York Times* correspondent Anthony Trumball in a dispatch from Hong Kong November 26:

> By thus loosening Pakistan's ties with the Western alliance Communist China may already have won a political victory worth far more to Peiping than the windswept plateau on the Indian border where the fighting has been taking place.

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Election Report

To Kill a Tantamount

VICTOR GOLD

Birmingham, Ala.

My first ambition in life was to be Democratic nominee for governor of Louisiana. I was eleven years old and in a hurry. My record was clean. I had no indictments pending. Few candidates in the Louisiana of 1939 could claim as much. The Governor himself was headed for prison, and in a lamentable demonstration of political loyalty, many of his friends and supporters were planning to go with him. Some years later, as a law student at the University of Alabama, I concluded that the puerile lust for high office is endemic throughout the Deep South (more recently, of course, the disease has been reported in areas of the Northeast). Four out of five students at the University of Alabama Law School want to be governor of Alabama. The fifth wants to be the power-behind-the-throne for one, or all, of the other four.

Given time, the fever subsides. Of my law school contemporaries, some were defeated (Shorty Price), some diverted (Harper Lee), some even elected (John Patterson).

It is politically conceivable that John Grenier, another Louisiana transplant to Alabama soil, was himself a springald candidate for governor in 1939. However, as the 1962 New Breed state chairman of the Alabama Republican Party, Mr. Grenier is no longer precocious, at least not by Deep Southern political standards. He is a well-ripened thirty-one, old enough to have known better than to try to elect a GOP United States senator—in *Alabama—this year.*

True, that despite the ancient political incantation passed on by succeeding law classes and confirmed by the Eastern press—*In the South, victory in the Democratic primary is tantamount to election*—Southern Democratic nominees from time to time have been kept from office, *e.g.*, after imprisonment, impeachment or recount. But as Mr. Grenier surely knew, the intrusion of live and kicking Republican opposition, albeit with clean record and no indictments pending, is a unique method of expressing popular dissatisfaction with the existing order.

Against Liberal Senator Lister Hill, about as tantamount a Democratic nominee as the Eastern press or John Bailey could want, Alabama's insurgent Republicans entered in this year's general election an unlikely conservative with the likely name of Jim Martin. The mere payment of a qualification fee bespoke an ambition which any eleven-year-old Southern boy could have told them was politically inconceivable.

From the Hill, looking down thirty-nine years of reassuring tantamountcy, a senatorial shrug. But down in the valley, Alabama Democrats, notably Old Breed state chairman Roy Mayhall, rose to the Grenier-Martin challenge in towering rage.

The Natives Are Restless

Early in the campaign Texas was very big in Alabama, a beacon light to Republicans and a specter to Democrats. Hill forces soon passed the word that this feller Martin was an agent of Texas oil money ("them Big Mules"), hellbent on whupping Lister Hill. Apparently bemused at the novelty of a full-scale campaign *after* a spring primary, Judge Mayhall was slow to grant the possibility of a genuine native uprising. But when in October 1962, the center of geographic interest shifted abruptly, from Texas to Mississippi, there wasn't a Kennedy Democrat to be found in Alabama—only *Loyal* and *Lister Hill* Democrats.

Now rattled and on the defensive, Hill strategists sought to draw the difference between the forward-looking Senator and his reactionary Republican opponent. Judge Mayhall implemented this progressive thesis by campaigning furiously against Herbert Hoover. (Ulysses S. Grant has all but passed from Alabama Republican demonology, save in certain revanchist areas of Demopolis and Gordo.)

The Grenier-Martin strategy aimed at filling in the missing historical blanks. They preached a nagging, perverse gospel that John F. Kennedy was indeed President in Washington and Lister Hill was his prophet in Alabama. Not only did Martin challenge the Senator's domestic voting record, but for the first time since even Roy Mayhall could recollect, foreign policy emerged as an issue in an Alabama campaign. Hill's support of foreign aid and the UN bond issue were talked up, along with Laos, Cuba, the Berlin Wall. It was enough to make a body forget the Bonus Army.

In mid-October and none too soon, the Senator returned from Washington to rally wheezing Democratic spirits for a counter-offensive. Quickly, Alabama's eight congressmen closed ranks in a solid Anti-Hoover Front.

But as events were to prove, Alabama Democracy, fat, flabby and clearly crowded by the massive inside interference of a native conservative revolt, was beyond self-rescue. It remained for John F. Kennedy, no less, to save the day with the timely discovery of missile pads in Cuba. At vote's end, only 7,000 ballots, of 400,000 cast, separated tantamount from inconceivable. A Republican would not be elected U.S. senator from Alabama—*this year.*

Yet the subsurface threat to Alabama's Democrats, *Loyal, Lister Hill* or pre-law, lies in the purposeful zeal which Grenier has brought to the job of building a precinct-by-precinct organization from the Tennessee Valley to Mobile Bay. He has found converts and conscripts among dissident States' Righters looking for a new home, and from under-thirty voters unresponsive to atrocity stories about 1932 apple-vending.

It is not enough to say, as many have, that things will never be the same. In the volatile one-party politics of Alabama, things were never the same anyway. But now, at last, they will be different with a real difference.

Mr. Grenier, Mr. Martin, I salute you. What's more, if you keep this up, I'm headed back to Louisiana.

I understand that the tantamounts are in season.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Burke at Work

Time was when nearly every American school child closely studied Edmund Burke's great speech on conciliation with the American colonies. I have my mother's copy of it, with earnest ninth-grade marginalia. But as the content of American public school courses was progressively impoverished in this century, Burke went down the drain with Macaulay and Spenser and Bacon and the other models of English style and of elevated reflection. Yet today, after more than a generation of neglect, Burke defies the educationists and captures the imagination of college students and even high school pupils. Not that he is much taught in classes, except for some surviving fairly strict courses in English literature and history: but our present discontents have impelled thinking young people to seek the sources of normative knowledge in politics and morals, and so they have found their way to Edmund Burke—who, more than anyone else, prophesied the coming of that "antagonist world of madness, despair, and unavailing sorrow" in which we find ourselves.

Kirk

Thus, with some reluctance, the textbooks anthologists once more make room for extracts from Burke, or at least for essays about his thought and influence.

One of the most useful and cheapest Burke anthologies soon will be published by Anchor Books: a fat paperback priced $1.45. The editor is Professor Peter Stanlis, author of *Edmund Burke and the Natural Law*, and editor of the quarterly *Burke Newsletter*.

A man who shuts himself up in a college after having stocked his mind with learning—so Burke wrote when he was a student at Trinity College, Dublin—is like one who should build a full-rigged ship and then let her rot in drydock. Professor Stanlis shares Burke's opinion in this, as in many other matters; and he has had considerable experience in the municipal politics of Trenton, Michigan. (Burke's model of a statesman was one who should combine a disposition to preserve with an ability to reform.) Now Dr. Stanlis intends to encourage professors and students to study Burke with a view to applying his principles to the immense problems of our times.

So Dr. Stanlis—who is to be addressed at the Department of English, the University of Detroit—is organizing the national Edmund Burke Society. (Indeed, it already is an *international* society, for there are twenty Austrian members, with a scattering in other lands.) Membership costs only a dollar a year. It is Dr. Stanlis' hope that chapters will spring up on many American campuses. Both faculty people and students are welcomed. A Burke convocation, with the public invited, was held at Seton Hill College, near Pittsburgh, a few months ago; and another may be held in Philadelphia before long.

Political Practitioner

According to the late Harold Laski, the statesman who does not know Burke is adrift without a rudder on an uncharted sea. It is one of Burke's great merits that, more than any other political philosopher, he was a political practitioner. To theory, indeed, Burke turned only with reluctance, to counteract the writings of the *philosophes*. Thus nothing of the Utopian diminishes the power of Burke's ideas, and twentieth-century students learn from Burke not only the first principles of civil social order, but the prudential maxims for the governance of men.

In his recent book *The Idea of Order*, Dr. Hans Barth points out that Burke's great contribution to modern political thought is his understanding of the tension that must always exist between just authority and personal freedom—and his prudential balancing of the two. Nineteenth-century liberals discarded order in favor of freedom, with disastrous consequences; some nineteenth-century European conservatives gave too great a preponderance to authority, and so provoked an explosion; but Burke knew that justice resides in the tension between authority and liberty, the claims of both recognized and reconciled.

Because Burke spoke and wrote at the inception of the present political era, he means more to us than any previous exemplar of the great tradition in which he stands. The Communist revolutions of our time in no small sense are the continuation of that Jacobin rebellion against the spirit of religion and the spirit of a gentleman, which Burke condemned. The fact that we live two hundred years after the events which summoned forth a great career or a great work of literature does not much diminish for us the relevance of thought. Jesus of Nazareth died on the Cross nearly two thousand years ago; He is not archaic. Dante went into exile before 1300; but no voice speaks to us more tellingly of our pilgrimage in this twentieth-century world. The student of political norms ought to know Plato and Aristotle and Cicero and Virgil and St. Augustine and St. Thomas and Richard Hooker and many others, of course; but, Burke being more nearly of our world than any of these, his words exert the greater force.

Until these United States were thrust into the vortex of modern ideologies and movements that transcend national boundaries, we could manage fairly well in political theory by resorting for most purposes to our Constitution, the Federalist papers, and the writings of the Adamses, Jefferson, Calhoun, and a few others. Yet as we now, willy-nilly, are menaced by ideas and forces that transcend the history and the limits of America, so we must turn to a larger frame of political principle. Dr. Stanlis' Burke Society is an endeavor to free us from the clutch of ideology and mindless passion.

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The Lincoln Mythology

GARRY WILLS

What is one to do when one Institution in American life hurls itself against another Institution? Why, naturally, look the other way.

Among our cherished Institutions, Abraham Lincoln ranks near the top. He remains, in supereminent degree, what Mencken called Woodrow Wilson—the American solar myth. No matter what happens, Lincoln grows. The current "celebration" of the Civil War has caused a flare-up of "good-old-days" enthusiasm, and a spasm of reaction against this carnival in honor of a holocaust. But *both* those who fire toy guns at Antietam *and* those who engage in fastidious dissection of those who fire toy guns at Antietam; both those who take the side of the North, and those who feel a romance of the South; even those who are uncommitted in every other matter—all these men are committed to the view that Abraham Lincoln *was* what America *should be*.

Edmund Wilson's specific gravity might look insignificant, were he lowered into the pool of adulation along with Lincoln's statue. But among those who read Edmund Wilson—that is, the entire tiny group of literate Americans—Edmund Wilson, is, beyond doubt, an Institution; say, a lunar myth.

And lo, against all the calculations of literary astronomy, the sun and the moon collided.

A year has passed since that event (the publication of *Patriotic Gore*, Oxford, $8.50); yet men are still averting their gaze from the scene of astral accident, unwilling to form a hard estimate of the extent of the damage — what fragments are still aloft, and what has fallen. The accepted response is to maintain that everything is really the same—as, in some Ionesco comedy of conformism, men might pretend that the sun is still there after a catastrophe had wiped it from the sky. And, so great is man's adaptability, perhaps everything *will* be as it was.

Make no mistake, though; it was a head-on crash: Lincoln was "an uncompromising dictator," who gathered power into his saintly hands, heedless of the use others would make of this concentrated power. While yielding to history, he deliberately clothed himself in the robes of Predestination: "He created himself as a poetic figure, and he thus imposed himself on a nation. . . . We have, in general, accepted the epic that Lincoln directed and lived and wrote."

Now there, one might think, is a collision no one could ignore. But there are ways. One device is to praise inordinately the literary judgments of the book, and be jovially condescending toward the "crotchets" of Wilson's historical analysis. Almost everyone has worked from some variation of this approach. Only Henry Steele Commager lost his temper (since Wilson joins Charles Beard in the judgment that Roosevelt "arranged" the attack on Pearl Harbor). A second ploy is to cancel out gains on one side with gains on the other—true, Wilson thinks Lincoln a dictator; but he is, as well, pleasantly violent against Chiang Kai-shek. True, he thinks the North's treatment of the South should be compared to the Soviet crushing of the Hungarian revolution; but then, he thinks all wars megalomaniacal. The third maneuver has been to divorce, so far as possible, the introduction of *Patriotic Gore* from the body of the book, since the introduction has the brief survey of wars, the most violent statement of Wilson's contentions, and the comparison of Lincoln to Bismarck and Lenin.

But it is precisely the body of the volume, 800 pages of cumulative impact, that does the real damage. One would almost think Wilson deliberately laid a trap for the reviewers. In their haste to dismiss the introduction, critics have lavished as much praise as decency permits on the series of literary-historical studies that make up the bulk of the book. And it is there that one finds, diffused, unobtrusive, but unremitting, the real indictment of Lincoln. Lincoln yielded to the Crusade, became its religious leader, abandoned his ambiguous or deistic religious views to fill the role of Calvinist savior the North wanted him to enact. Wilson is, in fact, too cruel. He does not see that some of Lincoln's posture as The Man of Sorrows arose from a real sense of guilt toward the South, a determination to "make it up to them" in the postwar period. The strength of this resolution, and its ironic frustration, are one of the most striking demonstrations of the fact that despotism achieved for beneficent motives is rarely able to fulfill its higher desires.

One of the mysteries of American civilization is the gradual dispersion of what promised to be the irreducible iron of Puritanism, so early introduced into the system of this country. Wilson helps explain the mystery. Much of the lessening Calvinism, plagued by guilt at its own departure from earlier fervor, was channeled into, expended in the expiatory agonies of, the Crusade against the South. In John Brown's Jehovah and Lincoln's Christ, the Calvinist mind at last found a secular substitute for

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its religious cruelty by inventing modern warfare and inflicting it on political sinners. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was pure Cromwell; and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written by the wife of a persecuted minister trying to escape the enslavement of Calvinist theology. Harriet Beecher Stowe's other novels, analyzed in detail by Wilson, show how obsessive was this theme with her, and how much of it was enacted in the substitute picture of Southern slavery, before Mrs. Stowe had the courage to attack her real and unrelenting foe, Calvin's grim deity.

Yet, hard as Wilson is on New England, he is no romantic partisan of the South. He remains impervious to the magnolia perfumes of a mythical "Old South." He shows that for decades before the Civil War, the Cotton South had longed for the tobacco days as the "Old South." The cotton states were living with a rapidly self-obsolescing economy; control of the Helots was making increasingly Spartan demands on the white man. All energies were bent on the task of keeping slaves alive yet suppressed, of growing enough cotton by this inefficient means to buy the necessities of life from the North or from abroad. The South's desperate condition had a great deal to do with the hopeless war's inception and prolongation through five tragic years. Robert E. Lee recorded, from the outset, his awareness that he had joined a lost cause, and other Southerners carried the same knowledge in their heart of hearts; but they had lived with desperation for years.

Some of Wilson's finest pages trace, in the diaries of Southerners, the causes of the Southern code—the gallantry, recklessness, courage of the men; the exaggerated femininity, combined with deep strength, of the women. As in many doomed aristocracies (Wilson instances the Russian), a severe code of refinement had grown up as a means of maintaining an island of civilization in a sea of savagery. The slaves were a seething mass kept at subhuman level. A white woman's modesty grew in proportion to the casual intercourse her men had with the slave girls. White men's "honor" and duels and horsemanship increased in proportion to

Random Notes

● MOVIES: Keeping up with what the illusionists out in Hollywood are up to in their labors is hard, but we note the following and fall back aghast. For *Taras Bulba,* United Artists has built the wooden-walled, wooden Polish city of Dubno in the pampas of treeless Argentina, and hired 10,000 gauchos to assault it. . . . Advance stills from *Sodom and Gomorrah* show a) two armies clashing swords, b) Stewart Granger kissing a blonde, c) what appears to be an oil-field fire in an Erector Set, d) Stanley Baker kissing a brunette. O buttered popcorn! . . . Mr. Holbrook Gordon, bird specialist to the SPCA, on hand at all times for *Bird Man of Alcatraz* and *The Birds,* has just spent three months hovering over *The Caretakers,* a movie with yet more birds. . . . The African scenes for Bob Hope's *Call Me Bwana* are being filmed in Buckinghamshire. . . . *The Greatest Story Ever Told* is to be filmed in Utah, and we remember that *Oklahoma* was shot in Wyoming.

The French movie *Candide,* banned from export for the past two years, is now on view in New York (at the Baronet). . . . We note in *Variety* that movie houses can now buy a two-minute "non-sectarian prayer" (prayed against the Manhattan skyline, Statue of Liberty, Supreme Court, etc.), if they want to brace their audiences for the worst.

● INCIDENTAL: Princeton Theological Seminary placed an order with Grove Press for ten copies of Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for God to Do It.* . . . But *Publishers' Weekly* has worse confusion to report: Theodore Weiss' new book of poems, *Gunsight* (New York University) was reviewed by *Sewanee Review* as *Gunsmoke. Paperback Books in Print* lists it as *Gunfight.* And the press has received one order for *Gunshot.*

● BOOKS: In the welter of the portentous and definitive, Ralph Schroeder's twenty-one-page monograph about Vachel Lindsay's childhood, *Where a Lad Is* (Syracuse University Press, $2), is an instructive surprise. . . . *Ars longa, vita brevis:* January will see a new novel by Ludwig Bemelmans, *The Street Where the Heart Lies* (World, $3.95). It is about a professor who loves a strip-tease dancer and camps under a bridge where the two meet nightly to hold hands. . . . *Credos and Curios* (Harper, $3.95) is a gathering of fragments by James Thurber, mainly notes for stories. There are some finished essays about friends and fellow writers. . . . *Hemingway: The Wild Years* (Dell, 60¢) is a collection of seventy-three pieces from the *Toronto Star,* 1920-1923, articles on all the choice subjects of his later art: gangsters, bull-baiting, flappers, and Paris. . . . *William Faulkner: Early Prose and Poetry* (Atlantic, Little-Brown, $3.75), edited and introduced by Carvel Collins, offers earliest ventures—poems, drawings (school of John Held Jr.), and some prose pre-1925.

Dodd has brought out an anthology of stories and essays by Sir Max Beerbohm, *The Incomparable Max,* 395 pages, $5. . . . A welcome and necessary alleviation of neglect: Paul Wiley has written a critical study of Ford Madox Ford, *Novelist of Three Worlds* (Syracuse University Press, $5.50). . . . It's a good season for the classic English novel when in a single week one can see published six Jane Austens, four Brontës, and six Trollopes (all Harcourt Library of English and American Classics, hardbound, $3.50 each).

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the degradation they inflicted on Negroes.

But a realistic view of the South makes the North's religious frenzy indefensible. Southern excesses were largely forced on them by a situation of survival; Wilson gives many proofs of the Southern reluctance to take the position into which they were forced, of a sigh of relief that would have arisen could any peaceful abolition of slavery have been achieved. But the North sought release in the *forcing* of crisis. Wilson shows what a Christological language grew up around Lincoln in the war years—against Lincoln's ironic opposition at first; then, increasingly, with his encouragement. And the legend has endured. He is always the melancholy victim, by whose wounds we are healed. Because of him, the Puritan could become a shrewd old customer like Mark Twain or Oliver Wendell Holmes, still haunted by conscience, but having escaped theology through an intermediary politics of election and damnation, and with a secular Inferno of his own making to live with. It is the story of this great religious shift, and the war's part in it, that Wilson has told; and no review I have read comes to grips with this central theme. The averted eye.

DESPITE the pacifism of his introduction, Wilson's sympathies are largely with the generals or soldiers. These were the men who achieved, through agony, the easing of the nation's conscience. None so opposed entry into the war as the men who conducted it most ferociously—Sherman, happily presiding over a military school in Louisiana, thinking abolition of slavery a fool's business; Grant, sickened by his taste of battle in Mexico, out of the army when the war opened; Lee, so fitted to grow old under the trees of West Point.

And on the bodies of the soldiers, the growth of impersonal process over the individual made its mark. The South was the last army of our civilization to ride out with swords and plumes against the industrial might of the modern world. Even the cool-headed Wilson is not proof against the last legends—that, for instance, of the elusive, indestructible ranger, Mosby, learned, romantic, cruel, his mind full of Greek epic as he rode everywhere forging an epic of his own. The desperate, hopeless individual, odds against him, outmoded by efficient machines, the tragic hero of modern civilization, finds his archetype in the finer Southern warriors; so that Wilson writes: *This issue presses hard on our time. There are moments when one may wonder today—as one's living becomes more and more hampered by the exactions of centralized bureaucracies of both the state and the federal authorities—whether it may not be true, as Stephens said, that the cause of the South is the cause of us all.*

The fascination that drove Wilson to the long labors of this book, though taking a more fastidious channel of expression, is much the same as that fascination that sends men and boys puffing around Antietam firing popguns, trying to recover something, they hardly know what—half under the impression that they may find, on that old battlefield, themselves.

A Masterpiece and Some Christmas Books

GUY DAVENPORT

IN 1906 Houghton Mifflin published all of Thoreau then known to exist—the books, the journals and the letters. The sixteen volumes were so well designed that only some of the Powell and King reports in the United States Geological Survey, from the Government Printing Office, can rival them for beauty. For each volume there are five photographs, reproduced by lithography, of such clarity and precision that Thoreau's preternaturally sharp eyes and taste for detail could not have advised the photographer better if the two had worked side by side. The photographer was Herbert Gleason, a forgotten genius who ought to rank high among American artists but is unknown to every reference work in the republic. Gleason's pictures are the sharpest critical appreciation of Thoreau other than Charles Ives' perception that Thoreau is the greatest American composer. By a similar transposition of values Thoreau can be claimed as one of America's finest visual artists. Many photographers have tried their hands at Thoreau since Gleason but none has achieved anything comparable and their efforts are faded by the brilliance of the prose they are meant to illustrate.

But now, a century after Thoreau and a half-century after Herbert Gleason, Eliot Porter, the physician and chemist turned photographer of birds, insects and forest animals, has matched his genius with that of Thoreau and made a book of such beauty that we wonder, upon being able to put it down, if we've ever seen a photograph, or the world, before. *In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World.* (the title is from the essay "Walking") cannot be categorized: it is so distinguished among books of photography, among anthologies, among art books, that its transcendence is superlative. It is a work of art and only incidentally a book. Here Thoreau's unrivalled eye and comprehension of nature join photography in the hands of a master, and the two together harmonize so perfectly that it is with a chill that we realize the two collaborators are a hundred years apart in time.

Thoreau was shy before the grandiose and the obvious. He looked beside his shoe for nature, at the bottom of creeks, deep into tall grass. He preferred the homey scrub-oak to the magnificent elm, the lichened rock and mossy bark to more Wordsworthian contours, and within his gaze was a complex intelligence—part Homeric clarity as to the comforting and ineluctable solidity of things, part scientific, part love, part unquenchable curiosity—which Eliot Porter has reproduced. This is a work to put beside Audubon's *Birds of North America,* Sereno Watson's *Bot-*

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any of the Fortieth Parallel, or Agassiz' *Natural History of the United States,* as one of the most beautiful of American books. The publishers are the Sierra Club of San Francisco, founded in 1892 by John Muir. Twenty dollars until Chris nas, twenty-five afterwards.

OTHER picture books of the seaso. look pale beside Mr. Porter's masterpiece, but there are still some interesting and commendable ones about. But we ought to mention first, to keep Thoreauvian matters together, that Mr. Alexander B. Adams has edited and provided with photographs Thoreau's *Cape Cod,* here called *Thoreau's Guide to Cape Cod* (Devin-Adair, $4.50), a book for enthusiasts. Mr. Adams has brought the details up to date and his pictures are informative if abominably reproduced. The New England texture is also strong in *Adventures in Value,* a fit coda to the life of E. E. Cummings in the form of fifty photographs by his wife, Marion Morehouse, with accompanying text by Cummings himself (Harcourt, $10.75); it reflects his spontaneous joy in created being.

The Horizon Book of Lost Worlds (American Heritage, $17.95) is a series of essays and pictures concerning Sumer, Babylonia, ancient India, Crete, Mycenae, Anatolia, Etruscans and Mayans. The layout and arrangement of colorplates are handsome and the text informative. The spirit of the book is that of the best museums and, like them, overwhelming in its profusion. In *The Eternal Present,* Vol. I: *The Beginnings of Art* (Bollingen-Pantheon, $12.50), S. Gideon concentrates on paleolithic art in developing his concepts of change and constancy in man's cultural expression. The many illustrations are mainly from the caverns of France and Spain. Frank Lloyd Wright's *Architecture, Man in Possession of His Earth,* designed and edited by Patricia Coyle Nicholson and with a memoir by Iovanna Lloyd Wright (Doubleday, $8.50) is a collection of photographs and drawings, many in color, and prose pieces illustrating Wright's career and ideas. The juxtapositions, as of a cross-sectioned chambered nautilus and the ground-plan for the Guggenheim Museum, or of a Wisconsin forest and the exposed beams of Taliesin West, are illuminating; and Wright's eclecticism is charted to its diverse sources. Traditionally Wright's buildings are known in black-and-white photography and it is startlingly pleasant to see them in color.

The season abounds in parlor albums. John Lynch's *Coffee Table Book of Astrology* (Viking, $10) will serve to indicate them all. The format is that of the Sunday supplements, the illustrations are classy, and the book is good to flip through. For trains, hardware, wars, interior decoration—you name it—consult the bookshops. A high-class album is Somerset Maugham's *Purely for My Pleasure* (Doubleday, $20), reproductions of the author's private collection of paintings. He has written about each; the assortment is bravely personal and not to be sniffed at.

Among the larger books on painting there is *The Concise History of Painting from Giotto to Cézanne* (*Praeger,* $5.95), a fine introduction book (549 color plates); and one ought to be reminded that the *Praeger Picture Encyclopedia of Art* of 1958, with 192 color plates and 580 illustrations in all, is still in print. Alice Elizabeth Chase's *Famous Paintings* (Platt and Munk, $5.95) is another general art book within gift-range and thoroughly pleasant. The Larousse series of illustrated encyclopedias has added *Prehistoric and Ancient Art* (Prometheus, $14.95) under the general editorship of René Huyghe, a book as splendid as it is informative. And for sheer fascination, there is Ivor B. Hart's *The World of Leonardo da Vinci* (Viking, $7.95), a misleadingly titled study of da Vinci's machines, prophetic and practical, explained from a technological point of view and in the context of the science of his time.

Fighting Men Are Never Obsolete

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

CERTAIN military organizations have a special relation to the spirit and purpose of the countries they serve. Thus it was with the Foreign Legion that for more than a century served as the spearhead of France, from Indochina to North Africa. Even today, when its strength is diminished, the Royal Navy remains a symbol of Britain's determination to be more than another of Europe's offshore islands. In the life of the American republic, the U.S. Marine Corps exemplifies the willingness and readiness of the United States to fight for what it believes is right.

Soldiers of the Sea: The U.S. Marine Corps 1775-1962, by Colonel Robert Debs Heinl Jr., USMC. U.S. Naval Institute, $14.00

This Corps embodies the healthy aggressive spirit that is essential to our national survival. And when the world is presented with images of the American as soft and unfit for leadership or endurance, one recalls the Marines storming the beaches of Tarawa and Iwo Jima. It is no wonder that James Forrestal, having seen the Marines raise the flag on Mount Suribachi, said: "The raising of that flag means a Marine Corps for the next 500 years."

Colonel Heinl, who has served in the Corps from Cuba to Korea, has produced, in *Soldiers Of The Sea,* a masterwork of American military history, comparable with the best of the war histories of Rear Admiral S. E. Morison. His stated aim was "to convey what the Marine Corps is, and how it came to be that way; and to recount the achievements and doings of the Corps, and why."

It is important that there be public understanding of these things, for not everyone supports the Corps. It has

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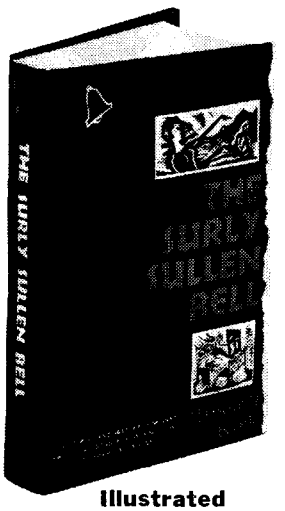

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Dr. Kirk also now writes a highly successful five-times-per-week syndicated newspaper column, "To The Point," which is skyrocketing to wide readership throughout the nation.

The above two books are available *at all book stores,* or order from publisher if more convenient.

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long had powerful foes in the government: President Theodore Roosevelt wanted to incorporate the Marines into the Army "so that no vestige of their organization should be allowed to remain"; President Harry Truman, whose administration warred against the Marine Corps, declared in a letter: "They [the Marines] have a propaganda machine that is almost equal to Stalin's"—a statement for which he later apologized. Yet, when the Korean War broke out, the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade was the first unit of troops to be sent from the United States. They reached Korea in time "to backstop the perimeter around Pusan into which shaken Army and Republic of Korea units were already streaming." As Hanson Baldwin wrote, "The Marines were ready to fight; if they had not been, we might still be fighting in the Pusan perimeter."

Much of the direct news value of this book lies in Colonel Heinl's account of Defense Secretary Louis A. Johnson's efforts to reduce the Corps to impotence. In this effort, he had the enthusiastic encouragement of most of the Army high command. Though the Marine Corps had won epochal victories in the Pacific, Generals Marshall, Eisenhower, Collins and Gruenther wanted—in the words of Fleet Admiral Nimitz—"to eliminate the Marine Corps as an effective combat force." Only the year before General MacArthur launched the Inchon landing in Korea with the 1st Marine Division, General Bradley predicted that amphibious warfare—the Marine specialty—was finished. But the Marine Corps was saved by Congress and by the courageous action of officers who would not bend to Administration pressure. Congress realized, as Senator Leverett Saltonstall said, that "the Marines occupied a unique and singular place in the hearts of the people."

PROFESSIONALISM is the strength of the Corps—this, plus readiness and the mastery of amphibious warfare that is essential to a nation which is strategically an island and heads an oceanic alliance. The country needs an elite force—shock troops who are ready to move out to the Arctic or the tropics, not on a week's notice, but on fifteen minutes' notice. This the entire Marine Corps is geared to do—to move out and fight the minute the order comes through.

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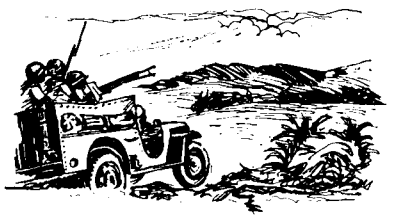
Moreover, the country needs troops so steeled in duty, so highly trained and disciplined, that they will walk across coral reefs into the face of the most powerful fortifications in the world. Only a special corps, with a tradition and a spirit that inform the action of every man from general officer to private, could accomplish this. It is the mission of the Marine Corps, Colonel Heinl makes plain, to take on the hard, the almost impossible, tasks for the United States. As General "Howlin' Mad" Smith said before the battle of Iwo Jima, "It's a tough proposition. That's why we are here." In recounting the history of the Corps he loves —a history that is today being enlarged by Marine helicopter pilots in action in South Vietnam and by Marine Lt. Col. John H. Glenn Jr. in space—Colonel Heinl may help preserve the cutting edge of the nation's striking force. He cites a truth that bears repetition in an age of military gadgets: "Trained men who will stand and fight are never obsolete."



Records

Stravinsky as Classicist

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

IT IS MUCH too late to ask: Is Stravinsky difficult? Yet much of his music is so tremendously clever that some listeners either shut their ears to it or regard it as some kind of gymnastic exercise—like a Nijinsky *entrechat dix*. There are others who will remember the rioting in Paris over *Le Sacre du Printemps* or the *Concerto for Jazz Orchestra* he wrote more recently for the Woody Herman band and who tend to think of him as a kind of musical Jackson Pollock.

The games which Stravinsky played with tonalities and the more spectacular aspects of his earlier work still reside in the public mind. They overshadow, for example, the lambent and ironic score of *L'Histoire du Soldat*, whose interplay of speech against a thin instrumental line confounds those who go back to the sharp contrasts and broad splashes of color in, say, *Petrouchka*. Yet there is no real conflict. Stravinsky is an eclectic who has stamped the genius of a strong personality on an age which, lacking an *ars musica*, has no real point of reference.

But it is not the eclecticism of a man leaping from one style to another. Even in *Le Sacre* and *Petrouchka*, Stravinsky is a classicist—bound by rigorous intellectual disciplines, no matter how violently he broke out of early twentieth-century musical conventions. This has been obscured by conductors such as Pierre Monteux, whose recordings of these works (London CM-9229 and RCA-Victor LM-2085) have achieved great popularity. Monteux conducts with such a silken glove that the unwary listener forgets the iron of the music. Toscanini injected too much lunge and bounce. In his hands even the stately oboe theme of *Le Sacre* became almost an invitation to the chase.

Contrary to the views of some critics, I have always felt that to understand what Stravinsky is really about, it is necessary to hear what he does to his own scores as a conductor. This was confirmed for me last year when I watched this 80-year-old granitic man swinging a baton with energy and deliberation for the Washington Opera Society's superb performance of his *Oedipus Rex*. (Though Stravinsky calls this an opera, it is really a cantata in motion and costume.) I have not heard Ansermet's recording for London or Stravinsky's for Columbia, so I cannot study it by repetition. But in the mind's ear, I can still recall that deliberation in a score which another conductor might have made Euripidean, whereas its whole inner mood is Sophoclean. And so it was to his touch—austere, astringent, even harsh at times, yet true to its placid tragedy. Today's opera audiences are hardly expected to sit quietly through the *katharsis* of Greek tragedy, particu-

Speaking Up • • •

Thomas Molnar, author of *The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy* and three other books, is a contributing editor to NATIONAL REVIEW, and writes for eminent magazines in this country and in Europe. Holder of graduate degrees in philosophy and French literature, Dr. Molnar is presently a professor of French literature at Brooklyn College.

Some of his topics include: *The Ideological Bases of American Foreign Policy, The United Nations in World Politics, The Failure of Counter-Attack, The American Intellectual and Foreign Policy, Western Europe between the U.S. and Soviet Russia, The Decline of the Intellectual* and *The Paradox of the Marxist Intellectual.*

If your university or club would like to hear Dr. Molnar, won't you write? He will be in the Midwest in January, and the West in February.

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers. Wm. F. Buckley Jr., L. Brent Bozell, Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Frank Meyer, William A. Rusher or Ernest van den Haag.

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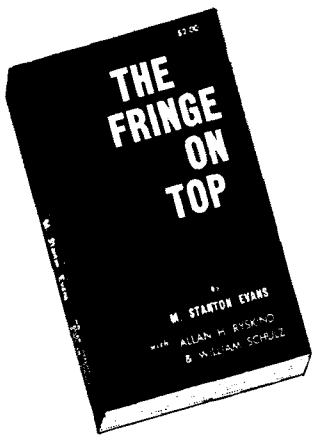

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larly when it is so uncompromisingly laid out—and in Latin. But they did for Stravinsky, and not merely to honor him. His unhurried traversal was an *explication de texte*.

Now I will concede that Stravinsky is not the greatest of conductors. He is frequently inflexible and sometimes pedantic. But he knows what he wants to express, and there is no mistaking his meaning. There is no Monteux brilliance to bedazzle or mislead. I think you will agree with the validity of these judgments if you ignore the jargon on the jacket of Stravinsky's Symphony in C (Columbia ML 4899) as he conducts it. It was written in 1940 and reflects his bill of divorcement from the overcharged musical atmosphere of Paris. In some ways, it might be called an American symphony. But his continual search for a contemporary (I hate the word "modern") restatement of the classical mode is everywhere apparent. This is particularly true in the Larghetto, a lovely oboe cantilena. There are past voices here, but the symphony is, surprisingly enough, very American in mood and content. Listening to it, I felt that this would be the kind of music "Hollywood composers" would write if they had genius rather than technique. I say this approvingly, for the composers of movie scores, written to split-second timing, are considerably underrated.

Considering the Symphony in C, I was forced into some invidious comparisons with other composers who have attempted to write in an American idiom. Both Darius Milhaud, in *La Création du Monde* (Leonard Bernstein and the Columbia Symphony, Columbia CL-920), and Aaron Copland, in *Music for the Theatre* (now out of print), thought they were incorporating elements of jazz into their work. Yet both were relying on the superficial aspects of the music they were parroting. Milhaud's more moody expression made much use of what jazzmen call the "blue effect" or the "blue chord." *La Création* is pleasant to hear and very polished, but as close to the spirit of jazz as the Salle Pleyel. Copland resorted to the kind of jerky "symphonic jazz" beat which went out with Paul Whiteman's Aeolian Hall concert of 1924. Milhaud, of course, is a real composer whereas Copland merely lays musical bricks in orderly progression. But neither seemed to be aware that

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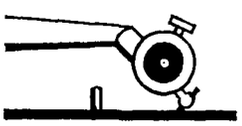
there is a peculiarly American rhythm, at times relaxed and at times nervous, which can be sensed in the noise of our cities and the hum of our countryside. Stravinsky, the Parisian Russian, caught it—perhaps because expatriates are sometimes more sensitive to their new-found lands than others better rooted. Milhaud heard jazz in Paris and Copland, obviously, heard it over the radio.

Interestingly, Stravinsky — who spent some time in the jazz joints and the night clubs—has been able to read this idiom from his own score better than those whose profession is conducting. For Stravinsky, then, listen to Stravinsky. The sound of the strings may not be as pure, but this is a small price to pay for really hearing the music.



BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FRINGE ON TOP, by M. Stanton Evans with Allan H. Ryskind and William Schultz (American Features, $2.00). Meet the gang. Meet Professor Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Senator Clark. Meet Dean Rusk, Edwin O. Reischauer, John Stewart Service, Owen Lattimore, Arthur Dean, W. W. Rostow, Charles Bohlen, George F. Kennan and William Wieland, all the gang. Some, not all, here; some, not all there; all, not some, way out there, for they are the elite who direct the awesome power of the U.S. Government, the "fringe on top." In truth, they represent the extremism which, we are informed daily, is a principal domestic issue, but to which, we are misinformed daily, belongs only the radical Right. Extremists in power, that is the citizens' concern: and the citizens had better heed the direction of all that power, as revealed in the copious quotes provided by Mr. Evans from the extremists' own *ex officio* pronouncements, which insist that our government should be totalized to meet the twin threats of poverty and "the Russians" (who are not totalitarian, it says here). Mr. Evans' effort is probably the best documentation extant of the rampant nonsense on the New Frontier. T.J. WHEELER

A PRIMER OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT, by Robert J. Alexander (Macmillan, $5.00). Having amassed a considerable reputation as an "expert" on Latin America through a vast output of material on land reform, industrial relations, politics and government, Professor Alexander now tries his hand at economics, coming up with what he calls "a concise guide to the principles of foreign aid and problems of underdeveloped nations." Unfortunately, this book is no more than a concise guide to the ideological preferences and biases of Professor Robert J. Alexander. As such, it attempts to make an authoritative low-brow case for extensive government planning, permissive inflation, massive foreign aid and widespread state intervention. While perhaps beguiling the uninformed general reader, it should cause a great many raised eyebrows among more responsible economists in the field. Their suggestion to Alexander would probably be to stick to an area where he is on firmer ground. J.B. BENDER

THE REVELATION OF JOHN, translated by Richmond Lattimore (Harcourt, $3.25). Apocalypse is not much in favor. *Process* has replaced *crisis* in the modern view of history. Besides, Saint John's short book has been a battlefield of Reformation theology, as well as a magnet for lunacies of every kind. We remember the Dostoevsky character contending that "wormwood in the springs" was a prophetic prefiguring of the Russian railroad system; or Waugh's incarcerated madman calling his guard a "whore of Babylon" before using the tools of his "occupational therapy" to saw off the chaplain's head. The sacred text has been chopped up, its parts used as instruments for rending or wounding, its vivid pictures frozen —as in Dürer's great, cruel renditions of the book. But Lattimore dissolves the rigors, makes us aware of the lyric quality of the original. Saint John's Greek is haunted by the Hebrew poets, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah; and Lattimore's English—simple, flowing, intense—is a poet's, as well as a scholar's. We find that the book is not just plain bewildering, but bewilderingly beautiful. G. WILLS

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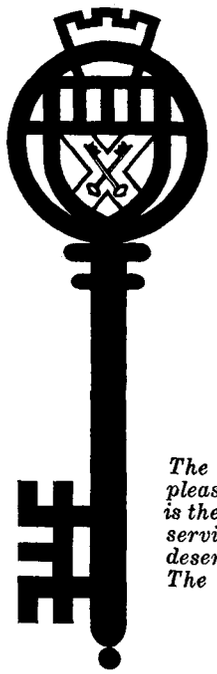

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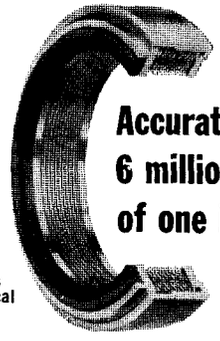

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To the Editor

Council Counsel

Mr. Evelyn Waugh's article on the current Vatican Council [December 4] expressed the Catholic aspiration that the true character of the Church should be made more manifest in order to lead others to her faith. However, Mr. Waugh did a disservice to this aspiration by obscuring the essential and pure doctrines of Catholicism. Waugh's theology was rubbish. His fault was twofold. In one case he seemed unconcerned about separating doctrinal essentials from accretions and accidentals, and even separating doctrinal truth from practical errors. In the other case his error was one which is a congenital disease of both theological and political conservatives, the failure to distinguish between qualitative and substantive traditions. Waugh holds all traditions venerable if they exhibit an unbroken continuity from past centuries to the present. The error is in assuming that antiquity validates customs. In politics metaphysics validates traditions and in theology sound doctrine validates piety. Wherever this second error takes root the first will show its fruit.

Mr. Waugh's Catholicism is a degeneration of true doctrine, a mystique of folksy devotionalism.

Arlington, Va. ARTHUR C. DECHENE JR.

Hurrah for Waugh! Most of the comment in the press on the Vatican Council has suggested that the demand for change of venerable institutions in the Church is so irresistible that it must therefore be warranted. Waugh's moving description of the value of the Mass is a perfect "windbreak."

New York, N.Y. KEVIN PIERCE

Accusative Accusation

If James Burnham is going to use Latin sub-titles [November 20] he ought to at least learn the rules of the game. Who ever heard of Newman's writing an "Apologia pro Vitam Suam"?

Ithaca, N.Y. ROBERT S. PASLEY

Nostra culpa, nostra culpa, nostra maxima culpam. —ED.

Young American for Freedom

Last Wednesday I spent a harrowing evening trick or treating with a group of five self-righteous, UN-loving, orange milk container-toting friends. Of course I, being a confirmed reactionary, carried only a slightly dilapidated brown bag.

As we went from house to house, I began to feel more and more guilty, selfishly saying, "No. I'm sorry; I'm not collecting for UNICEF, just for myself." Curiosity finally got the better of one of my people-loving acquaintances. She got up all her courage, looked me straight in the eye and said, "How can you do this to the sweet little ones in Algeria?"

At the next house we went to, the lady said, "I'm sorry, I can't give to UNICEF." I was just about to give her the Congressional Medal of Honor when she continued, "My poor little boy is so upset; he's sick and can't collect for the children of the world; so I decided to give him all my change." "Isn't that precious?" said my friend. "Trick or treat for MYSELF," said I.

But I decided to stick with it *until* —As I was going up a flagstone walk carefully avoiding a pile of stakes, I noticed my love-your-Upper Volta friends cheerfully trampling the lawn and knocking the stakes. They then proceeded to bang on the door as I cringed in a dark corner. My reward? The lady of the house opened the door, glared at me and said, "Why aren't you collecting for UNICEF?"

One question: How old do you have to be to join YAF?

Malverne, N.Y. BARBARA MCGOWAN
Age 13

For you, they'll make an exception. —ED.

Bachelors Revisited

A new reader of NATIONAL REVIEW might come to believe that conservative writers really do live in the past. Contrary to what Frederic Nelson said in his article, "What Ever Became of Bachelors?" [Nov. 20], Dick Tracy is not the bachelor successor to Sherlock Holmes but, instead, has been married to Tess Trueheart for more than twenty years.

Madison, Wis. HARVEY D. SHAPIRO

Good for Frederic Nelson! It is high time society discarded the assumption that there is something "wrong" with unmarried men simply because they do not fall into Nature's plan for preserving the species!

Gladwyne, Pa. E. R. HALLOWELL

Labor Bosses?

On the Darlington Precedent [Nov. 6] whereby a union is entitled to force a company to continue to operate in the red until the owners are pauperized, I would say this is a logical sequence to a union's being entitled to force a company to pay more than law and competition demand even though they are able to afford it. But what a beautiful chance the union missed. It could have bought the business for a few cents on the dollar and shown management how labor feels a business should be run. For such a noble experiment I'm sure the government

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would have come through with some non-competitive orders and, of course, a tax exemption. It would have been a veritable TVA yardstick for all the mills in the country.

Woodbury, N.Y. FREDERIC DEPEYSTER

Herpetological Conservatives

Don't misunderstand me—I'd stick with a rattlesnake which showed any conservative tendencies—but the unpardonable *mess* you made of The Mess in Mississippi [Oct. 23] appalls me! Has it ever occurred to you to discuss subjects about which you know nothing, with people who do?

Tallahassee, Fla. MRS. JAMES R. HARRIS

Louisiana School Facts

Since Southern progress in Negro education is rarely reported in the Northern press, your readers might be interested in a few facts about our "separate but equal" system in Louisiana. In 1948 only 49 per cent of Negro school teachers had four years of college training, while today the percentage is approximately 97. All teachers have the same benefits, such as tenure and sabbatical leave. More than 180,000 Negro students participate in the lunch program compared to 31,288 in 1948. The same courses of study are offered for all schools and the same opportunities given to all children. All schools receive free textbooks and audio-visual aids. The average expenditure per pupil based on average daily attendance in 50 states in the nation is $369 while the amount for Negro pupils in Louisiana is more than $370. There are five times as many students in Negro high schools today with a marked increase in holding power of each grade. There are four times more Negro high school graduates today than in 1948.

It is necessary that the schools remain segregated if we are to advance our education program. Nothing but chaos and confusion can be the result of enforced integration.

SHELBY M. JACKSON
State Superintendent of
Baton Rouge, La. Public Education

The Web of Subversion

Several recent comments on "Mississippi Mess" and Kennedy's hard-core anti-Communism [". . . leave the enemy room for retreat."—*NR*, Nov. 6] suggest possibility of Establishment subversion within your editorial staff. I urgently recommend check and clearance of staff. Look especially for such psywar devices as subliminal projection, hypnopaedia, and federal subsidies, grants, etc., for favorable editorializing. Act before it is too late. Establishment may even now feel Buckley ready for White House luncheon invitation.

St. Petersburg Beach, Fla. JOHN C. MAGILL

Who will taste my food? —ED.

Victory of Equine's Victim

Western voters seem to inspire Eastern pundits to the greatest inanities. For example, here in Oregon, Governor Hatfield won handily, as did Wayne Morse. Regarding the latter, *Time* committed the enormity of suggesting that had Hatfield given the Republican, Sig Unander, a bit more support, Morse might have been ejected from the Senate, a project for some reason dear to *Time*'s heart. Obviously, Hatfield had no interest in seeing Morse retire. For whoever should unseat Morse would automatically become the Republican giant-killer and next GOP "name" in Oregon. Such an event hardly agrees with the Governor's carefully laid plans to go on to higher things. And Mr. Hatfield is nothing if not a careful planner. Why, then, did Morse win? 1) He had $179,000. 2) His opponent didn't have $179,000. 3) Without Morse, Oregon would get about as much attention nationally as the Vandalia, Ill. unified school district, and Oregonians have as much pride of place as anybody else. 4) There seems to exist the feeling—articulated more than once in my hearing—that Oregon doesn't really need Wayne Morse, but the national mystique does, and that without him the Senate would have about as much charm as a deserted locker room. 5) The campaign against Morse was inept. But the final and basic reason: Morse provides unceasing entertainment, and so Oregon gets something for its money—another senator would cost just as much and be a bore as well.

Portland, Ore. D. J. STEWART

Mene, Mene, Tekel

The most alarming news story in recent years was that of Khrushchev's adoption of capitalistic practices within the Russian economy. Until the release of this news, we only had to concern ourselves with the "arms race"; now it is the "economic race." The real threat now to our security is that the Russians might beat our Harvard economists to the discovery of laissez faire capitalism.

Los Angeles, Cal. GRANT W. KUHNS

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diatribical to say.
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Buckley's men
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power 10.
Their style magnificent, words
chosen well and terse,
But, oy veh! their prolix muddle-
headedness in verse.

Park Forest, Ill. ANTON K. DEKOM

Libel at Colorado U.

Russell Kirk will get little argument when he writes [Nov. 20] that Senator Goldwater was libeled by a *Colorado Daily* article. It is important to remember however, that any issue of libel at Colorado was made secondary by Goldwater himself, who wrote in a second letter to Newton that he was "far more concerned about the ability of people with an un-American philosophy to have that philosophy displayed in the college press and, in some cases, defended by that press." Goldwater went on in the same letter to attack Newton's competence and integrity with these words: "I must . . . come to the conclusion that you either do not know what is going on in the University, or you don't care, and in charity, I will presume the

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former. To put it briefly, I doubt that you have the interest or the concern to be in the position you hold."

It was *this* letter, and not the original "letter of stern protest" from Goldwater, that Newton answered with his famous "Senator, I shall not silence them" letter.

Champaign, Ill. ROGER EBERT

Merry Garry Madrigal

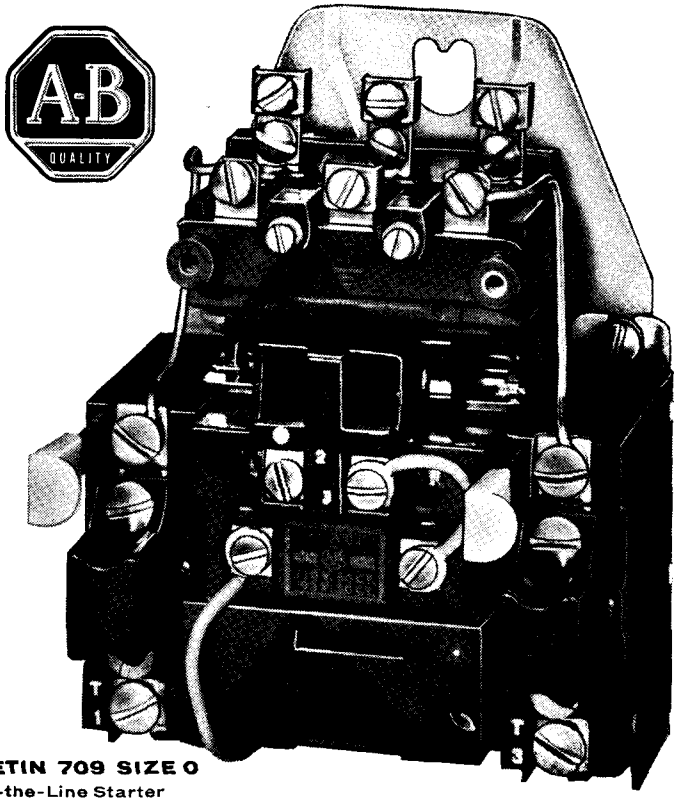
A madrigal for Garry Wills [Dec. 4]
in B-flat, *medulla oblongata*:
When I was young I sung the famous:
I sang of Kingfish, Andy, Amos,
Of Conan Doyle's unequaled shamus,
Hey Nonny;
Of vaticinating Nostradamus,
And once or twice, of Albert Camus,
Hey Ninny;
But now I'm old, sing Peter Ramus:
Hey Ong, Ho Ong, Ong-Ong-Ong.

Chicago, Ill. W. POZADKU

Reflections on Reflections on Envy

I find myself becoming more and more impatient with this American attitude, so typically reflected in Geoffrey Wagner's article [Oct. 23], that European criticism of the United States is necessarily rooted in envy. As an American student at Oxford, a frequent guest in European homes, and a traveler in many countries of Western Europe, I have learned much about our country from others. Mr. Wagner suggests that the British should respect American English because it "is probably in many respects closer to older forms"; this is quite irrelevant. If John Gielgud (or Rex Harrison!) spoke Shakespearean English all day long, I do not think he would qualify as a model of good English usage on either side of the Atlantic, and Mr. Wagner himself would probably find Beowulf or Piers rather crude.

A second argument of Mr. Wagner's was that the British are not so disturbed by the loss of their political power as by England's "cultural impotence" in the face of socialism and technology. I disagree with this, for England does bitterly grieve the decline of her international prestige. Nevertheless, even if the "cultural impotence" of England *is* disturbing to the Englishman, can you blame him? He sees the Queen, the sharp-witted Prince Philip, and the Royal Family overshadowed by the single water-skiing, publicity-shy figure of America's "First Lady." He knows fully well that if the United States



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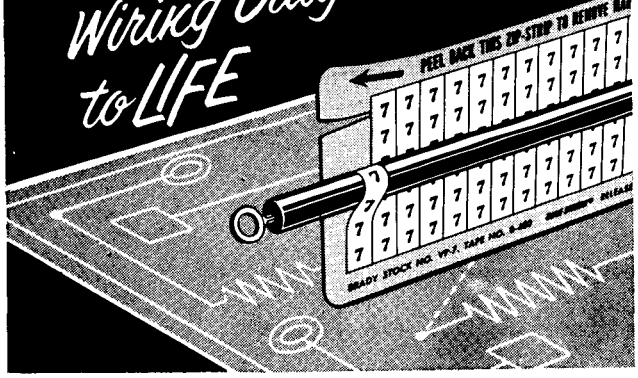

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Supreme Court had any say here, even "God Save the Queen" would be sacked.

Indeed, I would hardly chalk it up to envy when my British friends protest against university courses in bowling, or drive-in church services, or psychiatrists for French poodles. We are deluding ourselves when we suggest that, beneath criticisms of Elvis, the "arts-degree" European really has an insatiable thirst for "Coca-colanization."

Oxford, England GRACE GOODELL

Religion and Nazis

For myself, I have long since given up hope that Fr. Placid Jordan will ever admit the undeniable facts that Hitler's military successes can be traced in large part to the active and direct participation of vast numbers of Catholics in the Nazi armed forces and that this participation is partly due to the fact that these Catholics were told by their spiritual leaders (yes, even including Cardinal Faulhaber) that it was their Christian duty to so serve. However, since his tirade [Sept. 11] is directed against one of your previous correspondents I feel I should make some comment.

I suggest that Fr. Placid get a copy of Perau's recently published book *Priester Im Heere Hitlers.* (The title itself bears on the discussion; translated it reads, *Priest in Hitler's Army.*) Facing p. 64 he will find a photograph of the author, a Catholic chaplain, delivering a sermon to the men in the field. In the background he will see the altar—draped in the Nazi swastika flag!

Chicago, Ill. GORDON C. ZAHN

DE GAULLE GAMBIT

(Continued from p. 474)

Eastern and the Western Franks. In the streets of Munich and Stuttgart on the wharves of Hamburg, Europe has suddenly become alive. On the French side, this great task of reconciliation could be done only by the man who had led France out of the humiliation and defeat of 1940.

The Europe now rising is not neutralist. During their reciprocal visits both Charles de Gaulle and Konrad Adenauer reached an accord in their joint presence at religious services in historical national shrines. This Europe they are building is immune to Communism because it is Western and Christian.

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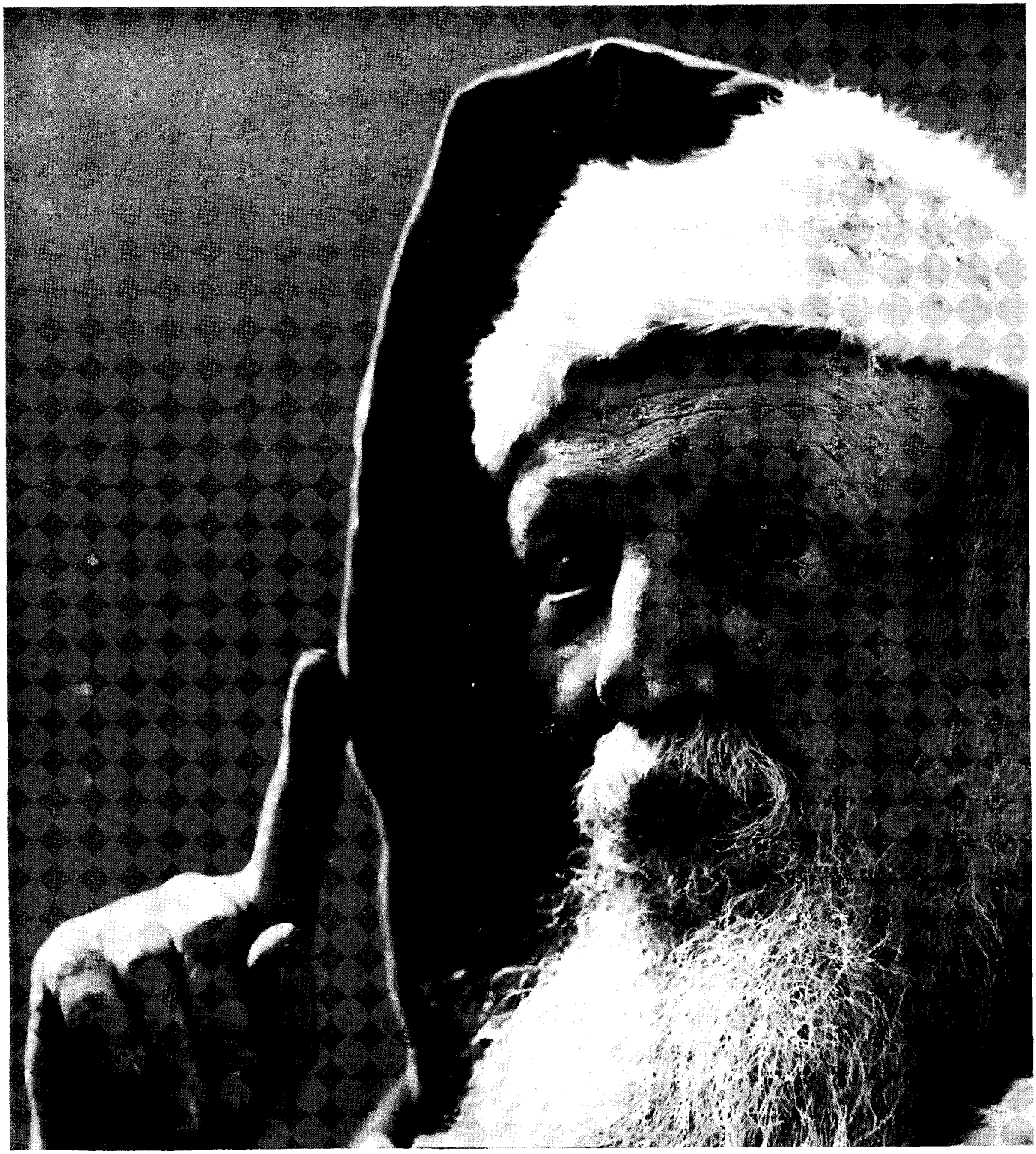

"Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus"

he lives in the hearts and minds of men.

(If the famous Christmas editorial were being written today it might well add that Santa needs no home in Washington.)

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